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A "BRACER" BEFORE GOING ON.

TAKING A LITTLE REFRESHMENTS IN THE FLIES ON THE OPENING NIGHT.—See Page 7.



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RICHARD K. FOX.

Publisher and Proprietor, New York.

OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the Supplement which is given away free with this number of the POLICE GAZETTE.

In acknowledgement of the unstinted and continued support which the publisher has met at the hands of the public, he has issued a fac simile of the original picture of the celebrated International Prize Fight between Heenan and Sayres, at Farnborough, England, on April 17, 1860. This engraving has been produced without regard to the expense which such an undertaking entails. Great care has been taken to preserve the original faces in the copy, and everyone familiar with the famous "sports" of by-gone days will readily recognize many among those present at that great "bout."

The execution of this engraving makes it an ornament for every household, and no sporting gallery is complete without it.

While we are giving presents to our subscribers the POLICE GAZETTE has not forgotten itself, and to-day it appears in an entirely new "dress." The paper used is of the best quality, and the type is of the finest that can be supplied by the well-known type foundry, James Conner's Sons, of this city, and being clear and well defined, it is well adapted for reading.

The public will readily perceive the liberality on the part of the publisher, who acknowledges the generous support which the GAZETTE has received at its hand.

One of the main objects of the POLICE GAZETTE shall be the elevation of sporting matters to a standard that will meet with the approbation of the vast majority of the people, and wherever and whenever frauds are unearthed the POLICE GAZETTE will vigorously bring the light of public opinion to bear upon the perpetrators, that they may receive condign punishment.

We would urge our readers to see when they purchase this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE that they receive their engraving, and that, too, without any extra charge, as every newsdealer is supplied with a copy for each paper.

With a future issue, the number and date of which will be duly announced, we will give a "key" to the engraving, so that our readers may recognize the famous celebrities thereon.

We would also caution the public against imitations. The POLICE GAZETTE is published in New York, the metropolis of the United States, and has no connection whatever with any other journal which may poorly imitate its style and general appearance.

PROFESSIONAL MENDICANTS.

Street begging, as a distinct profession, is becoming year by year one of the greatest nuisances in New York. A well-dressed person can hardly walk along any of our most thickly-crowded streets after nightfall without being accosted, in a confidential sort of way, by some brawny, lazy loafer, who wants a little money to get something to eat, or a place to sleep. These requests are made in a supplicating tone, and a refusal only serves to make them more persistent. Pitiful tales of starvation and suffering are told in a whining, pleading manner, until the person, annoyed at their importunities, refuses a second or indefinite number of times so emphatically that the beggar desists. Then he becomes transformed from the weak, starved mendicant to the insulting bully. A firm "No" acts as quickly on his nature as a fairy's wand does on one of her subjects. Billingsgate as foul as ever issued from an English fisherwoman's mouth is poured out with a volubility in keeping with his associations and habits. The object of his abuse for sanitary reasons does not care to resent the insults, and patiently submits to them.

Of course, ninety-nine out of a hundred of these scallawags spend every cent they can pick up in this way in beer and whisky. A trip into Bottle Alley, and resorts of that ilk, would very quick curdle the milk of human kindness in the breasts of would-be philanthropists. Their little or big mite, as the case may be, only contributes to the debasement of the wretched object of their charity.

It would be a mercy if, following the plan that has been tried in London for some years successfully, and recently in a few of the New England States, some public provision could be made in New York, where these vagrants could be sent for a supper and lodging and breakfast, and then made to do enough work for the value received.

The filthy streets of this city would make an excellent field for their labors. The cost of lodging and feeding them would be small compared with the benefit derived from this plan. The street cleaning commissioners would have no cause to complain of a lack of appropriations with which to do their duty. Another benefit gained, equally good, would be the suppression of the street-begging nuisance, which pedestrians throughout the city now have to put up with.

THE WHIPPING POST.

Indiana has always enjoyed a reputation for its accommodating divorce laws. It has been asserted that they were so comprehensive and liberal in their construction, that every little detail which enters into the composition of a family was covered and made available for use by dissatisfied couples when the matrimonial yoke became heavy and obnoxious. It would appear, from a bill introduced in the legislature of that State last week, that the most fruitful cause of divorces has been wife-beating. Many Hoosiers seem to think that when they wed a woman they acquire the prerogative to whip her whenever her actions jar on their lordly ideas of right. So common has this method of disciplining wives become that the legislature of Indiana has determined to put a stop to it. The whipping post has been the remedy selected as the only adequate punishment for the offending class of Benedicts.

The bill submitted for approval, and which is likely to become a law, provides that all assaults and batteries upon wives by their husbands shall be punished by whipping with the terrible cat-o'-nine-tails upon the bare back, the lashes not to exceed twenty-five. But the courts having jurisdiction, which include the criminal, magisterial and police tribunals, may also impose fines and imprisonment upon the offending husbands. The bill makes it the duty of the County Commissioners to set up whipping-posts at all the country seats, besides incorporated cities and towns, and the officer intrusted with the thrashing process is commanded to lay on the lashes vigorously.

and not to spare for the yells of the brutal wife-beater.

Popular sentiment throughout the State approves of this measure. Those who are pushing the bill to a favorable issue maintain that once it becomes a law, divorces in Hoosierdom will not be so common.

SHAMS.

In all large communities there is a wide field for the operations of imposters, and it is a singular fact the bolder the imposition, the more possibility there is of its success.

Notwithstanding the large burdens which the people are called upon to bear in the support of organizations for the suppression of crime, the most preposterous shams are allowed to exist, and the people themselves seem remarkably desultory in their own protection from them and often succumb to meaningless vanity, and thereby perpetuate most flagrant impositions.

Such was a case recently exposed in New York city, where some of the most prominent names in the country paid extravagant sums for membership in an heraldic order where their vanity was flattered by armorial signs emblazoned in the highest style.

Of course those who have been bit will in the future be more careful of lending their names and giving their money to such schemes; but the public in general will receive no lesson from the experience of a few and will continue to indulge in those mythical associations, until they themselves feel the bitter sting of imposition.

A VISIONARY SENATOR.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, has proposed an amendment to the United States Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of liquors, except as a medicine, after the year 1900. The senator evidently fixed his date one hundred years too early. Make it the year 2000. The millennium ought to be along by that time.

A MURRAY HILL SCANDAL.

A Detective's Clever Work—A Nice Tete-a-Tete Broken Up.

Reuben A. Compton recently began an action against his wife, Sophia I. Compton, to secure an absolute divorce on the ground of alleged acts of infidelity committed by her at their house, 21 West Fifty-eighth street, on the northern slope of Murray Hill, the most fashionable neighborhood in this city. Mrs. Compton in her answer denies the charges made against her. The case came on for trial before Judge Freedman. The only witness examined was Thomas James, employee of a detective agency. James testified that he watched at various times Mrs. Compton and her alleged paramour, and that they remained together in her bedroom for many hours on many different occasions. He said that on June 6, 1880, at 11 o'clock at night, he and Mr. Compton and two other men entered Mr. Compton's house; that they found all the lights put out and the servants sent to bed; that they entered Mrs. Compton's bedroom, and on lighting the gas, found her dressed in only a very light wrapper, lying or sitting on the floor at her alleged lover's feet. There was a bottle of wine in the room and also a bottle of Apollinaris water, and everything seemed to indicate that preparations had been made with a view to the lovers remaining together all night. Mr. Compton compelled Mrs. Compton to leave the house, which she did, in company with her friend. Upon cross-examination it appeared that Mr. James had obtained a good deal of his information through speaking-tubes, which led from various rooms in the house to a servant's room in the basement, for access to which he was indebted to the courtesy of the servants. The case is still undecided.

A PROFESSIONAL GHOUL.

On the person of Dr. Selden Whittaker Crowe, arrested in the Astor House for creating a disturbance, was found a letter from Professor Loggins, of Burlington, Vt., asking Crowe's terms for furnishing cadavers. Crowe said he had been in the business of procuring cadavers since Buchanan's administration. He got bodies and disposed of them at the rate of \$25 a piece. He refused to say where he procured them, declaring it would not do to "give away the business." He "bagged tramps" he said. They made the best subjects. He would get them for anybody at the rate he mentioned, or for "\$50 a pair." Crowe fought with and for "Jeff" Davis in the Twenty-fourth Cavalry during the war, and had been arrested in Washington on suspicion of being implicated in a plot to assassinate President Lincoln.

SEASONING.

WHENEVER young ladies learn so to stick a pin in their apron strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will be more marriages. —Susan B. Anthony.

A NEWSPAPER gushing over a recent painting says: "In front stands a rustic maiden wrapped in her own thoughts." The scenery is laid in latitude 1 degree south.

A MAN who will break a gum-drop in two pieces, to make the exact weight when selling candy to a little girl, is mean enough to sell cross-eyed needles to a blind woman.

Two of the elephants wintering in Bridgeport were taken with chills, and four gallons of whisky were given each. An elephant with the chills is the best position in the country.

"Know all men by these presents," read the old batchelor. "Why don't they put in women, too?" asked his lady client. "Because," said the old batchelor, "if one woman knows it, all women know it."

It now transpires that the whale that has been exhibited in various cities for the past three months was simply a Cincinnati girl's mitten, artfully gotten up to represent a monster of the deep.

"Yes," said the young lady, who was going sleigh riding, to her maid: "I will put on leggings and my thick overshoes. I don't care about my cardinal hose. Mr. Griff is a careful driver. He never upsets."

SARA BEINHARDT is said to be severely troubled with sciatica. We thought people had sciatica in the legs. From all reports Sara hasn't got legs enough for a single sciat. It must be the backbone fever she has got.

A YOUNG lady recently married read Mother Shipton's prophecy for the first time the other day. "Just my luck!" she exclaimed, throwing down the paper. "Here I am newly married and now the world's coming to an end!"

MEDICAL advice: "My son is troubled with a weakness in one of his legs; what shall I do for it?" inquires an anxious parent in Berea, O. Perhaps the shortest way would be to see the girl and ask her to sit on the other knee for awhile.

AFTER all the evidence was in, a Texas Judge asked the accused, who was charged with stealing a watch, if he had anything more to offer. "I did have an old silver watch to offer you, Judge, but my lawyer borrowed it, and hasn't brought it back yet."

THE young milkman and his girl stood before the Justice of the Peace. "You take this milk—ahem!—this man for butter or for worse?" the mighty man of the law inquired. The girl said it never-a-curd to her before, but she supposed she would if that was the only whey.

CONFIDENTIAL friend (to elderly and unattractive spinster)—"So, dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?" Elderly spinster—"Yes; I now go in for women's lefts." Confidential friend—"Women's lefts! What's that?" Elderly spinster—"Widowers, my dear!"

HERE is the latest composition of the society idiot: "Do you dawnee the lawncers?" "No; I don't dawnee the lawncers, but my sister Frawnces dawnees the lawncers and several fawncy dawnees." The management of this sentence assures entrance into the highest circles.

SOUTH END maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theatre and to a supper afterward, and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than he have.

"CHARLIE'S DARLING." We have received your poem entitled "When the Bluebirds Sing Sweetly," and will save it until the bluebirds get here. We are always obliged to carry over a lot of bluebird and robin and daisy poetry, but it comes handy in the spring when the windows need cleaning.

"COURTESY opens many doors," says the old adage. "This may be true as far as it goes," says a commentator; "but you might stand before a bank building and courtesy 'till your spinal column was as limber as an old postage-stamp, yet the doors wouldn't swing back on their hinges worth a cent."

A MAN recently froze one of his feet in a stocking factory. The question naturally arises, What are stockings made for, anyhow? Judging from what a friend told us he saw the other day when the wind blew so hard, we believe they were made more for show than service. This is merely an opinion from hearsay, and not experience.

A BRAVE boy who kept twenty Indians at bay died of his wounds at Denver, Col., a few days ago. It never happens that way in a dime novel of Indian warfare. The brave boy in the dime novel would have kept twenty Indians at bay until there was not an Indian left to bay at him, and then he would have rescued and married a beautiful white captive, with long hair kissed by the sunlight, ripe red lips, eyes of diamonds, a marble brow and a good-natured father worth \$900,000. There is too much reality in the real.

THE TOMBS.

Its History, Romances and Mysteries.

Life and Death in New York's Famous Jail.

CHAPTER XVII.

HANGING NOT PLAYED OUT.

On the evening of the 29th of January, 1870, William Townsend was sitting in his basement at 192 Hudson street. He was a tailor by trade, but kept a grocery store. With him at that time were his wife and his three little children. It was Sunday evening. Next door was the shop of a shoemaker. There was one man in it, busy at work. He used a long, keen-bladed knife to cut his leather, and occasionally laid it down on his bench. It was just 6 o'clock. Before the clock had finished the striking of the hour Jack Reynolds, a vagrant, came down the steps and entered the shop.

"Can you give me any work?" he asked.

"What kind of work can you do?"

"Pegging."

"No; we have none for you."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Reynolds walked up into the street, and as he did so something glistened in his hand as he concealed it in his sleeve. It was the long, keen knife. He had stolen it!

All unconscious of danger, William Townsend sat with his wife and babes, when there came a rap at the door. One of the little girls opened it, and Jack Reynolds walked into the apartment.

"You are my brother, and I want to stay here to-night," he said, gruffly.

"I am not your brother," said Mr. Townsend, "and you cannot stay here; I have no room except for my family."

Reynolds sat down doggedly. Townsend approached him and said, "Won't you please go out," and laid his hand gently on his shoulder; "come, my good fellow, please go out."

Reynolds with sudden ferocity seized Townsend and dragged him out on the steps. There was a short, sharp struggle; a knife gleamed in the light of the gas lamp, and in another moment was buried in the heart of Townsend. He fell to the pavement, carrying Reynolds with him, and screaming:

"My God! I am stabbed! This man stabbed me!"

Citizens came flocking to the bloody scene. One man seized Reynolds and threw him on his back. He struggled like a mad bull and shouted, "If you will give me a sight I can lick two like you!"

Two patrolmen succeeded at last in overpowering him, while Townsend was carried into his store, where in twenty minutes he died. On the way to the police station the crowd following the officers and their prisoner swelled into a mob.

"Hang him! hang him!" shouted the mob.

Then Reynolds turned round and said sneeringly, "Hanging is played out in New York!"

At the police station he gave his birthplace as the United States and his occupation that of a thief.

The trial commenced on February 21st, 1870, at half-past 10 o'clock. There was a tremendous desire to see the prisoner, and the courtroom of the Oyer and Terminer was crowded to suffocation. Among the miscellaneous audience were many handsomely dressed ladies. When Reynolds came in between two deputy sheriffs the audience rose *en masse* to catch a glimpse of him. His appearance was dogged and sullen, and his head seemed unnaturally formed. The widow and children of the murdered man occupied seats in the court-room, and remained throughout the trial.

Mr. William F. Howe was assigned as counsel for Reynolds. He made a masterly defence, striving to prove that his client was insane; but it was of no avail. The trial lasted three days, and Reynolds was found guilty of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 8th day of April, and was taken back to prison amid the execrations of the mob. He found that hanging was not played out in New York on the day set, and went to the gibbet whimpering like a flogged hound.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAUNCEY JOHNSON, THE BANK ROBBER.

Chauncey Johnson has perhaps committed more bold burglaries, robbed more banks and money institutions, than any one person the criminal records of this country make mention of.

He is tall and good-looking, has a bright, piercing eye, a careless, easy carriage, and is modest and unassuming in his general demeanor. He is hardly ever without a cigar in his mouth, which he is continually chewing on. He says that he never attempted life, even in self-defence, nor ever taken a penny from one who could not afford to lose it. In his private transactions he is honestly personified. His mother, of whom he thinks a great deal, is, or was a few years ago, living in a handsome

house which he bought and settled on her, having previously elegantly furnished it throughout. To a friend in need he would give his last penny. He operates with but few, his chief lieutenant being the notorious Dutch Heinrich.

Chauncey Johnson, on the 9th of January, 1854, for having stolen \$37,850, was sent to state prison for three years, which term he served out. On his discharge from state prison he resumed his operations. How often he was arrested and sent up under other names the author cannot state. He went up twice from this city as Chauncey Johnson.

In 1858 he followed a bank messenger with a large amount of money in Wall street, entering the bank immediately behind him, following him even within the enclosure behind the railing, when he nonchalantly took off his hat and set it down on the table. He picked up the bundle which the messenger had laid on the table and coolly walked off without attracting the notice of the clerks, who did not suspect anything wrong or out of the way.

Johnson's favorite pastime was faro playing, and for over a week he literally lived in the gambling saloons. Through the gamblers Detective O'Keefe learned of his having a large amount of money. The officer arrested Johnson, charging him with the theft from the bank. At his house, in an old valise about \$30,000 of the stolen money was found. Johnson was sentenced January 20, 1858, to four years and three months' imprisonment in Sing Sing State Prison. The year after his discharge from prison he is said to have spent at faro \$190,000!

During the summer of 1864 Johnson entered the Central National Bank, threw his hat and coat carelessly down, walked behind the railing, picked up a package containing \$170,000 in bank notes and coolly walked out. A boy standing on the sidewalk, looking through the bank window, saw the whole proceeding. The bank officers finally compromised the matter with him, on his giving up most of the money.

The Chemical Bank was also a victim of one of his raids. He is supposed to have been the man who entered the Adams Express office on Broadway, making his way to the cashier's office, which he entered, seeing no one within. The safe was wide open. Hearing some one coming he picked up a newspaper lying on the desk and commenced reading. The cashier on entering asked what he wished, to which he coolly replied that he was waiting to see a gentleman connected with the office. On being informed that that was not the place for him to wait, he left. After he was gone a package of bills amounting to \$1,800 was found to be missing. On the same day or the following day the American Express Company missed a package containing \$7,000 by him. August Belmont & Co. lost \$25,000 from their office. Chauncey Johnson was arrested for the theft, but proved an alibi.

Johnson and his friend, Dutch Heinrich, visited Philadelphia, and, while there, entered a bank and stationed himself at the paying teller's desk—the opening, owing to the teller's absence from the desk, was closed. Johnson had a long piece of very thin wire, which he bent so as to go over the top of the railing and then down to the counter. The end of the wire was a hook, provided with a bit of soft wax—the hook serving to pick up the packages of money which were done up, and the wax to pick up the single bills. There was a large amount of money lying on the counter. The teller's back was turned to the counter; directly in front of him was a mirror. Imagine his surprise, on looking at this mirror, at seeing the money, in packages and in single bills, jumping from the counter over a high railing into a man's pocket on the other side! Johnson was caught in the act, and was tried, convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in Moyamensing Prison. He served about ten months when influence secured his pardon.

He went to New Orleans and returned with plenty of money, which, as usual, was left with the keepers of faro banks.

His next exploit was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The Hon. Thomas Murphy, then Collector of the Port, with several other gentlemen, entered the private office of the hotel with the proprietor, where the safe was open. Johnson entered the office with the party of gentlemen, leading the clerks to suppose he was one of them. Seeing a package in the safe, he put it in his pocket and started leisurely for the reading room, purposing to leave by the Twenty-third street door. One of the porters followed him and had him arrested. He was tried, giving his name as Jackson, convicted, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in Sing Sing State Prison. His time was up in February, 1872. Since then he has served several terms for various offences, chiefly bank robberies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CADET WHITTAKER.

[With Portrait.]

The colored cadet outrage at West Point last summer is again engaging public attention. For the past two weeks a military commission has been in session at the Armory Building in this city trying to solve the conundrum, "Who cut Whittaker's ears?" The investigation has been thorough, but has not revealed anything more than the public already know. From present appearances a solution of the mystery is likely to become as great a puzzle as the identity of the man "who struck Billy Patterson."

A BAD BLONDE,

Who was Taken in by a "good" Citizen. Her Capers in "High Society." Unpleasant Disclosures.

The evidence that things are not what they seem—men are not always true or truthful nor women always virtuous—was greatly strengthened by a late denouement that has shaken the very foundations of Lebanon, O., society—or will when it becomes known. It is now a choice morsel for the early birds who feast on social scandal, yet the possessors of this early worm are few. The facts, as far as we will divulge them at present, are about as follows:

During the year 1879, on one beautiful, balmy evening in May, when birds were nesting and the sturdy gander was pointing with affection to the old gray goose of his choice, one of the Lebanon boys brought to the home of his parents a beautiful flower. That young man had been travelling for a business firm in the city and had plucked this precious flower as it bloomed upon the banks of the Wabash, within the borders of the State of Indiana. She was a blonde, and to say beautiful would only be expressing mildly the views of any one who saw her.

The young man introduced her to his relatives as his wife, and society of Lebanon of the first grade so treated her. Time passed and no one was any the wiser, and we are not positive that she was not the wife of the young man, as represented, but later developments would seem to contradict that assertion, if we do not.

Years passed, and no one knew aught amiss in the young wife, and hundreds envied the drummer his beautiful blonde prize, and many an old bachelor prayed to the God of Fate to make him just such a one. The family, if they knew better, kept their counsel and treated her as one of the family, and until lately not the least suspicion has existed that she who occupies the position of daughter-in-law and sister-in-law in that household had not the lawful right to the title. During the past five months, however, there have developed facts and truths relative to this beautiful young wife that startle and astound the natives.

It by degrees leaked out that the would-be wife was not what she seemed, but that she was a naughty girl and was known as such in several towns and cities in Indiana and also of Ohio. She was accused of being too intimate with certain citizens of Lebanon other than the one whom she was reported as having taken a solemn vow to cling to. Witnesses were called in and testimony collected. The case progressed for some time until the facts justified a verdict by the family, and it was that the beautiful blonde damsel of the Wabash pack her trunk and depart hence from the house where she had been treated as a wife, daughter and virtuous woman, to parts the direct boundaries of which the parties who had been sold in the transaction knew not nor cared not of.

Acting on the suggestion she hid herself away, and society is now minus one of its ornaments, and a good citizen minus a wife, if he ever had one.

Reports have it that the family continued to take her into respectable society after they were in possession of the facts in the case. We refrain from giving names, as the parties occupy a high position socially, and are not to blame and should not suffer slurs unjustly for the sins of a son. It is pretty well established now, however, that the would-be and did-be wife is a rather notorious character, about whom there has been many a shot fired, and bad heads put on through jealousy. The discovery is like a thunder clap to society, and is the more deeply to be regretted on account of the high standing of all the parties residing there.

There are parties who say they know the lady in question to be a bad character, and that she possesses a notoriety not very enviable throughout portions of Ohio, and that she has been the cause of much strife among various Hoosier sports of Indianapolis, Logansport, and other towns and cities in the sister State.

MESMERIZED IN COURT.

Proving a Prisoner Irresponsible by Singular Tests—Undressing Before His Judges.

The Court of Appeals in Paris has been the scene of a most curious and remarkable spectacle. A young man named Didier was lately arrested for an offense in the Champs Elysees and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In prison he was examined by Drs. Mottet and Mesnet, two well known specialists in mental diseases, who reported that he lived in a state of constant somnambulism, the attacks of which can be provoked at will. The case was heard on appeal, and the judge was about to withdraw to consider the verdict when the doctors offered to confirm the statement made in their report by practical experiments on the spot. The bench consented, and then occurred the following painful scene, described by the Paris correspondent of the London Standard: Dr. Mottet, followed by the magistrates and the prisoner, retired into a sideroom. Here, by the usual means of rapid passes of the hands before his eyes and a strong, fixed gaze, the unhappy "subject" was mesmerized. Didier was then left in charge of two of the Municipal

guards on service, the doctors and the judges returned to the court and the door of the room was shut. Dr. Mottet now called the prisoner by his name. The next second a fearful noise was heard. It came from the sick young man. A few minutes before a touch of the finger would have almost knocked him over, so feeble and emaciated was he. Now, under the influence of magnetism, he was like a raging lion. Upsetting the guards who held him by the wrists, he rushed at the door, broke it open, and, knocking down everybody in his path, ran up to Dr. Mottet. Here he suddenly stopped, and, fixing his eyes on his mesmerizer, trembled from head to foot in a manner terrible to see. Shrieks of horror then ran through the court. The doctor then set to work: "Undress yourself," said he to the prisoner. In a few seconds Didier stripped himself of nearly all his garments. "Dress yourself again," said the doctor, and again the prisoner obeyed with the same lightning rapidity. The experiment appeared conclusive. Dr. Mottet then awoke his "subject" by blowing on his face. Didier fell to the ground as if shot. The doctor, however, soon brought him round again. "Why did you undress yourself before these gentlemen?" asked Dr. Mottet: "that was very improper," Didier, gazing with vacant astonishment, replied: "What! I undress myself; impossible. And the young man clung to the doctor for protection like a child. The bench, however, was not convinced and appeared to look upon the whole affair as a comedy. Doctor Mesnet, in his turn, now operated on the prisoner. Having mesmerized him he ordered him to write from memory a letter addressed to him while in prison. Didier replied: "Cannot, because I am in prison." The doctor insisted, whereupon the prisoner sat down at a table and wrote, word for word the letter in question without a single mistake. When he was writing it Dr. Mottet took a long needle out of his instrument case, and plunged it in the young man's neck, but he felt nothing. By this time, however, the bench had seen enough of these painful experiments, and some of the audience crying out "Assez! assez!" the sitting came to an end. The Court, considering the prisoner was not responsible for his acts, quashed the verdict of the lower court and the unhappy man was discharged.

A TALE OF LOVE AND SACRIFICE.

An "Affectionate" Young Lady's Decision on a matter of Wedlock and Dress.

"But, papa—"

"Not another word. I'm a wild cat when my back's up, and don't you forget it."

The speaker was a hard-visaged man, dressed with an elegance that ill accorded with his evident want of culture. She who had addressed him as "papa" was a fair-haired girl of 18 summers. Beared on the knee of luxury, she had never known what it was to have her slightest wish thwarted. Her father, a plumber, was from the nature of his business, a man of iron will; but he was not devoid of pity or generosity, as many a debtor whose house and lot he had taken in part payment for fixing the water-pipes, letting the balance of the account run along for two months, could testify.

He had surrounded Cecil, his only child, with all that wealth could purchase, looking forward to the time when she would marry the eldest son of a Niagara Falls hackman, or some person of fortune commensurate with her own.

But she had allowed her heart to be ensnared by the wiles of Cupid, and that morning had asked her sire's consent to her marriage with a poor but not proud young man, whose agricultural operations on the Board of Trade had not been attended with success. It was this request that produced the answer given above.

Again Cecil pleaded with her parent not to crush the love that blossomed in her heart. The old man's mind went back to the happy days when he had told her mother of his love, and how they commenced life with nothing but strong arms and willing hearts.

Placing his fan-like hand on Cecil's shoulder, the old man looked at her tenderly and said:

"Look ye, my lass. You say you love this man, and cannot live without him. Mebbe not. I have promised you a sealskin saccue this winter. Let me test your love. If you become this man's bride I shall not buy the saccue. In my hand is a check for \$300. In the wheat-pit over in the Board of Trade is your lover. Which do you choose?"

Without raising her head she reached out convulsively for the check.

A TRIM pair of ankles encased in "old gold" stockings are seemly things. Yet the rash young person whose ambition it is to go coasting thus becomingly arrayed—who is thus fortified with a noble courage that makes her scorn the dangers of upsets—well may pause a moment in contemplation of the poor little girl in Port Jervis, New York. She, too, went coasting in "old gold" stockings, but "being thickly clad her feet became warm, and when her shoes were taken off it was found that the coloring had been absorbed by the warm flesh, leaving the stockings almost white." At the end of thirty-eight days, after suffering great agony, she died of blood poisoning. This story has a moral that young persons with trim ankles would do well to apply.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

A Sister's Terrible Ordeal—She is Compelled to Witness Her Brother's Body Devoured by Cats.

[Subject of Illustration.]

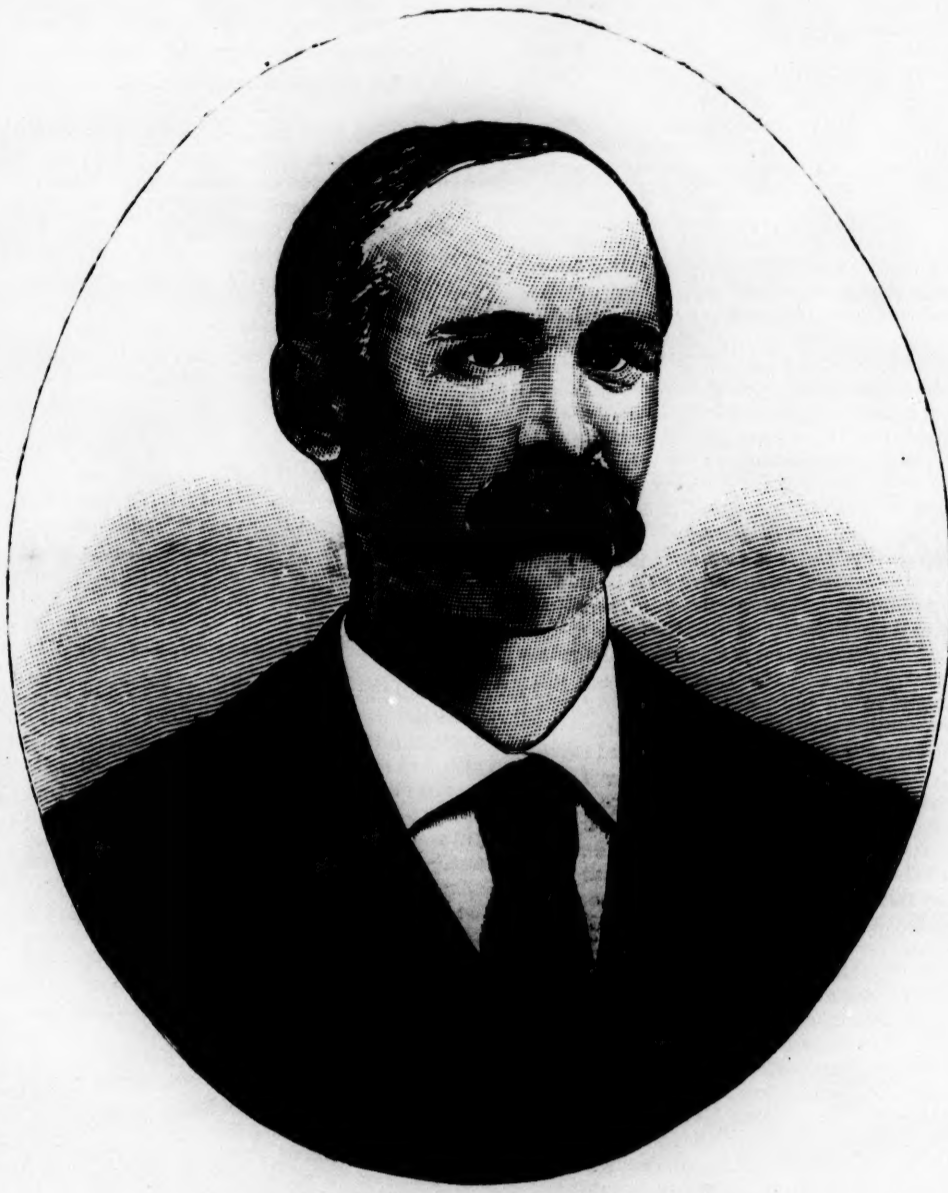
One of the most horrible and heart-rending scenes that ever met the gaze of human eyes was depicted at Mrs. Elizabeth Goodpaster's, in Salt Well, Ky., last week. George Pieratt, an old bachelor, aged 70, lived with his sister, Mrs.



CADET WHITTAKER,

THE COLORED CADET WHO IS NOW BEING TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL; NEW YORK CITY.

Goodpaster, who is several years older than him. These two live together by themselves, and on last Thursday night, after Mr. Pieratt had got in his supply of wood for the night and morning, about 9 o'clock, before retiring he thought he would build up the fire, and with that view he picked up a back log to throw it on the fire, and in doing so fell with the log in the fire, and was unable to rise. His sister, Mrs. Goodpaster, has been paralyzed for several months, and unable to even leave her bed, and although she saw her brother fall in the fire



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

EX-ALDERMAN JAMES DUNNE,

EX-CHAMPION PUGILIST AND NOTED POLITICIAN, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A CANNIBALISTIC PEDDLER.

A Woman's Ear Bitten Off in an Eighth Ward Tenement.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the Jefferson Market Police Court last week Michael Costello, a peddler, was arraigned before Justice Flammer to answer a charge of felonious assault preferred against him by Mrs. Margaret Fanning, who appeared in court with a shawl wrapped about her head.



MICHAEL DAVITT,

FENIAN AND PROMINENT LAND LEAGUER; LATELY ARRESTED AND SENT TO PORTLAND PRISON, ENGLAND.

Both parties reside in the rear premises at 197 South Fifth avenue. Mrs. Fanning occupying the second floor and Costello the first floor. At 8 o'clock in the evening Policeman Doess, of the Prince street police station, heard the shrieks of a woman, apparently in great pain, coming from the direction of the above-mentioned premises. He entered and saw Mrs. Fanning covered with blood that was flowing from the stump of her left ear, which she said had been bitten off by Costello. Policeman Doess arrested him in his own rooms. In



QUEER TASTE.

BITING AND SWALLOWING A WOMAN'S EAR; NEW YORK CITY.



BUTTING BURGLAR.

SMASHING A BROADWAY WINDOW TO STEAL; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.



GLUED FAST.

A PHILADELPHIA GIRL PLAYS A LITTLE GAME ON HER LOVER.

and lie there, she was unable to render him any assistance. By almost superhuman effort she dragged herself from the bed and to the body of her brother and pulled him out of the hearth, when she went back to bed, utterly exhausted. She was compelled to lie there all night alone with the cats, whom, scenting the dead body, came in and feasted on the body without interruption, in plain view of the sister, who was unable to even turn her eyes from the sickening sight. She was found in bed next morning with a wild look in her eyes, and they riveted on the corpse stiff in death which lay on the hearth in front of a few embers.



A NIGHT OF HORROR.

A PARALYTIC DRAGS HER BROTHER'S BODY OUT OF THE FIRE, AND IT IS DEVoured BY CATS; SALT WELL, KY.

court Mrs. Fanning stated that Costello entered her rooms to beat her father. She attempted to eject him when he seized her and bit her ear off. Costello had nothing to say in answer to the charge. He was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury in default of \$1,000 bail.

Her Little Game.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sly Philadelphia girl, having a lover she was afraid wouldn't stick, covered her lips with glue and invited him to kiss her. Owing to the fact that she had previously posted her father when to pounce into the parlor, the plan worked admirably.



NEW STYLE OF CURLING FOR GIRLS.

A GAY PARTY OF YOUNG LADIES ENJOY THE SPORT OF CURLING ON THE ICE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 10.

"Skulduggery."

[Subject of Illustration.]

A burly negro in this city performed a feat of burglary with his head, last week, which will relegate him to a place where iron bars and a stone wall will be the only things for him to practice on.

way to possess them was to annihilate the window. Squaring off with all the grace of a billy-goat, he let drive his iron-like cranium. A gap was made through which he helped himself to the instruments displayed. The jingling of the glass attracted a policeman who,

after a short run, tired the "butter." Future address, Sing Sing, on the Hudson.

A SLIGHT railway accident recently detained a bridal party a few hours, and during the interval the bride had leisure to find out that she loved the best man better than the groom. This she confessed with humiliation and tears.



HATTIE MARSHALL,
BOARDING-HOUSE THIEF, CHICAGO, ILL.

Walking along Broadway, it suddenly occurred to him that he might turn his "butting" accomplishments to more profitable account than fighting. Before him was a large plate-glass window, behind which was a fine collection of optical goods of great value. The only



A CINCINNATI SCANDAL.

SENSATIONAL HIGH-LIFE FIGHT AT THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—SEE PAGE 10.



JOHN WOODSMALL,
MURDERER OF COOPER BROTON, ELMORE TOWNSHIP, ALA.

but with firmness and dispatch. The groom argued the point for an hour, and finally handed her over to his friend with the words: "Take her, old boy. She is yours by Divine right. If she cannot be my wife, I would rather see her yours than be a king myself."

**"MYSTERY."**

A PERSON WHOSE SEX WAS A CONUNDRUM AT THE SAENGERBUND BALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 10.

**QUEER ROBBERY.**

A MAN WAKES UP AND FINDS HIS WIFE BOUND HAND AND FOOT, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

How Bill Davis Whipped Pete Daly on
the Pacific Slope—A Great Battle
in Which Fagan Whipped Love
and the Latter Died the
Same Day.

MOURNING OVER HIS DEFEAT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

(Continued.)

In January, 1862, pugilistic circles in Gotham were excited over a prize fight that was arranged between the once famous Billy Donnelly and Johnny Lazarus, a brother to Harry Lazarus who was murdered in No. 12 Houston street by Barney Friery. There was so much interest manifested in the affair and the proposed meeting of the rival light weights that the authorities decided at all hazards to prevent the affair, and both pugilists agreed to draw the stakes to the great disappointment of the pugilists and their partisans.

The Donnelly and Lazarus fizzle was followed by a rattling mill between John Dorsey and John Morrison of the city of churches. The pugilists fought for a purse according to the rules of the London Prize Ring at Factoryville, Staten Island, on March 3, 1862.

A large crowd of sporting men from New York and Brooklyn went down the Bay to witness the mill.

The battle was a capital one, and the pugilists fought like veterans instead of novices, both displaying great pluck and science. Dorsey out-fought Morrison, and after fighting forty-two rounds in 1 hour and 37 minutes was hailed the winner.

At Camp Winfield, Hatteras Inlet, on March 17, 1862, George Edwards defeated Tommy Lloyd for a purse. The battle lasted through 46 rounds, which were fought in 1 hour and 12 minutes.

The battle was a desperate one, and both the victor and the vanquished were terribly punished. The fight was conducted according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, but there was no stakes.

Canada furnished the next battle, and on March 21, 1862, Dick McBride created a sensation among the Kanucks by whipping Bob Devin.

The pugilists fought with gloves at London, C. W., and McBride won in 44 rounds, lasting 55 minutes.

During March, 1862, John C. Heenan, who had been giving sparring exhibitions throughout the principle cities in the Union, decided to return to England to arrange a match with Tom King. Heenan left New York for the "City of Washington" with James Heenan for the Land of the Rose. A large number of sporting men bid him *bon voyage* and wished him every success.

About one week after Heenan sailed Harry Gribben and Johnny Lazarus sailed for San Francisco, the latter deciding to visit the Pacific Slope in order to bring about a match with Pete Dailey, a pugilist who had quite a reputation.

In April, 1862, "Punch" Morris of Boston and Harry Lazarus arranged a match at the Hub to fight "off the reel" for a purse. The proposed match was given so much publicity and created such a furore that on April 5, 1862, the day set for the battle, Lazarus was arrested and put under bonds, and there was weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth among Lazarus' friends, who were eager to witness the mill, as it was generally conceded that Lazarus could easily have whipped Morris.

About this time pugilism was all the rage on the Pacific Slope, and Bill Davis, who had whipped Smith and Pearsons, was matched to fight Tom Daley. The match originated over a row and resulted in Daley challenging Davis to fight. The pugilists signed articles to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at catch weights, for \$1,000. Unusual interest was manifested in the match, as both pugilists had a large number of admirers who backed their opinions freely with the "root of all evil."

Besides the stakes, the pugilists fought for the gate money, which amounted to a large sum. The battle was fought at Port Wine, Cal., on May 31, 1862. Davis weighed 170 pounds, while Daley scaled 150 pounds. Patsy Mason and Jack Brice seconded Daley, while the redoubtable Daley was ably looked after by Tommy Star and Jack Richardson. Wm. Curly, a noted sporting man of San Francisco, Cal., was referee.

The battle was a very tame affair at the commencement. Daley appeared afraid to "face the music," while Davis was left to lead and force the fighting. Daley fought on the run-away principle and frequently fell a la Yankee Sullivan to avoid punishment. Daley displayed the most science and proved that he was an excellent general. After the pugilists had fought an hour both showed the effects of the punishment they had received. Davis was receiver-general up to the fortieth round, when he changed his tactics and fought desperately. At the end of the forty-fifth round Daley began to hoist the signals of distress and the seconds of Davis advised him to force the fighting.

In the forty-fourth round Davis threw Daley and he injured his shoulder by the fall. The accident put an end to whatever chance Daley had of winning, and he tried to win by a foul, falling purposely in every round anxiously waiting for Davis to strike him while on the ground. The fight lasted for fifty-four rounds, when Daley, whose face was terribly battered, was unable to leave his corner, and Davis was declared the winner.

This battle stamped Davis as a great pugilist. He had received more punishment than his vanquished opponent, and it was his great pluck and endurance that won him the battle. St. Louis looked up with the next battle, and on June 1, 1862, Andy Love and Mike Fagan fought for glory, but no stakes, and the battle ended fatally to the former. The pugilists fought desperately for 35 rounds, lasting 51 minutes, when Fagan was declared the winner. Love was whipped early in the fight but he refused to give up the contest, although frequently requested to do so by his seconds. He pluckily stood up and faced the battery of blows until, weak and exhausted, he fell, bleeding, battered and helpless, into his seconds' arms and was carried from the ring insensible. On the same night the plucky pugilist died, and his principal thought on bidding farewell to this world was the regret that Fagan had defeated him.

On his death-bed he said: "If I had won the fight I could die happy, but to think that I was compelled to knock under to that second-class fighter makes me feel ashamed of myself."

The fatal ending of the battle created quite a sensation, and Love's great pluck made him die a hero. The battle was described as being one of the most desperate ever fought. The victor was terribly punished and did not recover for several weeks.

In our next issue we will give a full report of Tommy Chandler's great battle with Billy Dwyer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BERNHARDT'S MARRIAGE.

Wedded to the Scion of a Noble House
—The Marriage Technically Void
—An Exceedingly Improbable
Romance in the
Divine Sara's
Life.

Mr. Abbey cannot afford to turn away a single customer from the box office through alleged scandals in the life of his star regnant, and the great west is nothing if not virtuous. Oshkosh and Fort Winnebago, Rock Island and Emporia exclaim with one accord, like Tony Lumpkin, "D—n anything low!" And so, for domestic consumption exclusively, Sara has gotten up a new and revised edition of her "pedigree" and performances that takes the cake against modelling in clay, marble chipping, painting in oil, Shakespeare and the musical glasses! Oh, sublime impudence that invented a mother for Sara Bernhardt in "the beautiful and brilliantly accomplished daughter of the Marquis de la Hertig de la Vandee!" Oh, supreme romance, my brethren of the broad brim and sisters of the shirred bonnet, which I have yet to unfold is this my Sabbath offertory. John Bouyler wrote a law dictionary. Philadelphia worships it, and Pennsylvania lawyers make it their Bible. Its dryness is as the drouth of Sahara. You see what is coming? Sahara—Sara—Well, I pass. It now appears, so runs the *Chronicle*, that John's real name was Jean Bilou Bouvier Bernhardt—ah, now you see it!—and that he settled in Uniontown, Fayette county, your state, and there begat—but no, that's in the style of the *Chronicle* of the Old Testament, and not in mine. I've got through with begetting. Jean Bilou Bauvier Bernhardt, otherwise John Bouvier, of Uniontown, Pa., was the uncle of Sara's father. The latter was a French nobleman, who married the beautiful and accomplished Marquise aforesaid, and to her issued Sadie, the superb. When Sadie got past the age of adolescence she likewise was united in lawful wedlock with a scion of the vieille noblesse of France, but, strange to say, her marriage certificate is missing, although she publically carries around with her the pledge of her affections in the person of the young gentleman she confesses as her son. It is refreshing to know, however, that the innumerable tales told regarding her unchastity prove upon investigation to be as untrue as they are preposterously absurd. She was married, legally as she supposed, to a member of the old nobility, but she afterward discovered that her marriage was technically void. Alas! 'twas ever thus.

She might have imitated the daughter of Jephtha and gone to the mountains for a similar

purpose, but she didn't—she preferred Trouville. When Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, reads his marked copy of this last and best biography of Sara, the divine, I can see the bland and child-like smile with which he redirects it to the wife of his bosom. When the evening lamp is lighted at Sandringham Lodge, I can see the flush that comes to the cheek of Alexandra of Denmark as she exclaims: "One more lie nailed to the counter!" When in his Parisian atelier George Clairin vainly tries to banish the low browed aureole of flaxen hair and the Jewish contour from the canvas under his brush, I can hear the curse that rises to his lips as he quotes: "Her son is the result of that union." And when the imperial Niobe bedews with tears the altar steps of the private chapel of Chiselhurst, I can hear the sob of joy and gratitude with which she repeats the words: "The tales regarding her unchastity prove to be untrue."

Ta-ta, Sara.
Good night, Henry.
"Keep it up."—New York Correspondence
Phila. Times.

A "TRULY GOOD DEACON."

He is Sorely Tempted, But Resists—
Bartering Virtue for Worldly
Goods—She Would be
His "Birdie
Dear."

Our correspondent from Bellefontaine, O., is inclined, after looking over social affairs in that town, to believe that the devil is putting out the biggest share of his labors right in that locality. Scandals are as plentiful as office-seekers in the Buckeye state, and that is saying a good deal.

The very latest in the list of sensations occurred last week. The *dramatis personae* consist of a single pair, a rather good-looking young woman, married—here is where the joke comes in—who is rather frisky, and a staid old gentleman, a deacon, also married and father of a family. This old cad, be it known, by the way, has a church leg, but whether Presbyterian, Methodist, Free-Will, Baptist or Dutch Reformer, deponent saith not, because he is not positive. The tale, as retailed by the old one himself, is that the woman's husband owed him a certain sum of money for value received—not very much, but more than he felt justified in losing. Thinking he would collect the same, he proceeded to the house of the fair one the other day, and found her at home alone, her husband being away at work. He immediately proceeded to state his errand, saying that he needed his money; that he had given value for it; had waited a long time, &c. Madame admitted the truth of his remarks, but calling his attention to the fact that times were hard; that people had to live; that rent was high, and young married folks especially should be treated leniently. All this the aged one admitted was true, but still his song was ever the same. The lure he must have, and from the dame. Thus matters went on, the discussion growing warm, but still friendly, when the woman suggested that probably they could adjust matters satisfactorily, intimating that there was such a thing as barter in the world. This caught the old gentleman "all of a heap." Surely, Lacedaemonians concluded all their transactions by means of barter and exchange. Why should not he emulate the example of those hardy and happy people? He would barter, of course he would; and to commence on, he would accept a very fine canary bird that the lady was possessed of in part payment of his claim. Just here, however, the old gent's moral sensibilities received a terrible shock, and the innocent old darling's very breath was frozen with horror and virtuous indignation when the fair though frail female informed him that her own sweet self was the "birdie dear" that she proposed he should invest in.

The wise man kisses and never tells; the man of the world does the former; this old ass did the latter. He shook the dust of that household from off his feet in very short notice, and was gone like a flash. Even then, had he been a man of experience, he would have spared the exposure of the woman, even if he himself was too good to yield to temptation. Instead of doing this, however, it is said that he immediately told the story, with a dissertation on his own virtue, and that he had repeated it until it had come to the husband's ears, who was all unsuspecting of his wife's penchant for any little peccadilloes of this kind, and that now the tallest kind of trouble will be the next thing in order for all concerned.

This is an o'er true tale, according to old goody-goody's story. He is a well known man, a presumably moral one, and the woman is well known to a large circle of acquaintances, and trouble is already brewing through his tell-tale propensities.

The advice given to gentlemen with legs of Presbyterian proclivities is, if you cannot in conscience dance, at least do not tell on the siddler.

A YOUNG woman, with a bad temper and a worse method of teaching, punished a school-boy in Newark, Ohio, one day last week by rubbing coal ashes in his mouth. Another mode of enforcing discipline which she favors is putting soap in her scholars' mouths.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A Deadwood Sunday School Superintendent Gives a New Version of the Story.

A short time since the superintendent of a Sunday school out in the Black Hills happened to be visiting some friends in Brooklyn, and, on invitation, attended the school service of one of the popular Methodist churches. Invited to address the children, he declined at first, but finally consented, and to illustrate the welcome of the sinner to repentance related the following anecdote:

"I reckon most o' you young ones have heard about that ole feller in Egypt, which was well fixed for kids. The old man was heeled clear to his neck, and thar wasn't a dip nor spur that he wasn't onto, and you bet he had his squar dose o' sheers in every pay dirt claim on the divide. He war a good old man, straight as a rifle bar'l, and without knot or woodpecker hole from root to crow's nest. For a long time he'd been full owner o' an eighty stamp mill, and travelers in them parts has seen the smoke rising from his chimney pretty steady, and they knowed quartz was gringing and the dust was good. Thar warn't no funny business about the old man. He knowed prime wash from salt by the color, and it warn't long afore the boys quit stealing his mules and set down to the levels and picked for trade. They knowed he'd straddle any blind, but he delt fair, and they respected him. Well, children, the old man banked a heap o' quartz. He had a big ranch, and the sheep on it was as thick as miners' tents. Thar was antelopes and prairie chickens, and jack rabbits, and black tail deer till you couldn't rest. And thar was lots of wheat and a big shack, built o' logs, with a parlor in one end. Now, I tell you, that thar old man was fixed up to the trap, and don't you forget nothing. One o' his sons was kind o' restless. He wanted to prospect for himself. The old man gave him the racket straight from the hip; told him not to make a doggone fool of himself. Stay where he was. Thar was more money in a stamp mill than there was in mines, and he advised the kid to locate right thar. Why, children, the thar old man knew from the fust sour that the short didn't have no show, even for tailings, even if he played to win, to a squar divide on the regular wash.

"But the kid wanted long grass, and so the old man started him and gave him his blessing, and told him for to always deal level with the table and never let a man get his elbow behind his kidney on him, and so the boy got away. Fixed straight to his hair. All the dust he wanted. Best advice a boy ever got. What do you think he did? He went broke. I never knew whether he got into a game whar they played straights, or whether some fellow held over him on a square deal, but he went clean to the bottom o' his sock and struck bedrock. Clean up dead gone. The yield didn't pan a cent to the ton. Gulch dried up. Dips crossed his angles. Blind leads fetched the only vein he had, except one, but that he didn't know of. He was digging for yellow in black rock and couldn't see the glory that was only waiting for him to assay and coin. Yes, you bet. Thar the poor boy, without money enough to buy a box o' matches, was driving whar thar wasn't even pyrites, while all the sky was pouring out the best color ever panned, and he couldn't get onto it. Well, thar was only one thing to do. Prospecting was no use. So he went down on a ranch and told the ranchmen he'd keep the coyotes off the pigs. You know what an ornery durned thing a pig is. You've got to kill him and smoke him and throw him away and forget him before you can eat him, and yet the thar young man hived right down with them pigs and drewed when it was his turn, and if he got a fair hand o' shucks he was goose on his luck. Bimby the racket got too stiff for him, and he kicked. He made up his mind that he would flock back to the mill and strike the old man for another stake. Did the old man go back on him? Well, not for coin. Did he say he wasn't hiring any new hands, but the kid might get onto work at Hamilton's Hollow? I reckon not. Says he, 'Put it here, pard,' and he just fell clean over him. Thet's style. Thet's trade from the origin. Thet ain't all. Thet thar old man fetched out a buckskin trowsers, and an antelope shirt, and some buffalo boots and a camp hat, and drewed the young feller right in. Eh? How's that? Gitting you now, am I? Begin to hook on to my racket? Know who the old man was? Yes, you bet your life, and He's waiting for you to pass out on a bobtail, and for you to come to him and be fitted out and started in the stamp mill again like you never hopped the ti-ra-lu and hooked out from under the family umbrella. Let up and be saved. For I tell you children, the lower level gets awful hot sometimes, and if you can do placer work with the sky right around you, keep away from the tunnel business, for thar's no drawing after a bet.

"I'd like to have you sing a hymn for me that we sing in our Sunday-school, 'Baby Mine;' do you know it?"

And to the astonishment of the local superintendent they did know it, and he couldn't stop it.

Champlain, Vt., is gossiping over the marriage of a widower of ninety-three and a widow of sixty-five years.

A FAMOUS CELEBRITY

Jim Dunne, a Champion Pugilist Who Became an Alderman and Coroner of the City of Churches.

His Battles in the Prize Ring For the Championship of America.

[With Portrait.]

James Dunne, of Brooklyn, whose portrait appears in this issue, was born in county Kildare, Ireland, Oct. 4, 1842, and is famous as an ex-pugilist, sporting man and politician. During a number of years he has figured prominently in sporting and political circles in Brooklyn. He first came prominently before the public and in sporting circles in 1863 when he was matched to fight Jimmy Elliott, of New York, for \$300 a side.

Dunne at this time had not obtained his majority, but he possessed great strength, endurance, science and muscular development. He is 5 feet 9½ inches in height and weighs in condition 155 pounds.

Elliott, when he fought Dunne, was 5 feet 11½ inches in height, weighed 170 pounds, and was 19 years of age. Dunne up to this time had never fought in the ring, but being a nephew of Phil Clare, of South Brooklyn, who was a noted pugilist, under the latter's instruction and tutelage he gained quite a knowledge of the art of self-defense.

He found many admirers who were confident that he could whip Elliott. The pugilists had signed articles to fight at catch weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, and Camp Scott, Staten Island, was chosen as the battle ground by Elliott. The battle was to have been fought on May 11, 1863. Elliott and his backers were however captured by the police and the fight was prevented.

A meeting was held on the same day and both pugilists agreed to fight at Bull's Ferry, above Weehawken, N. Y., on the day following. A ring was pitched on the New Jersey Heights and all was ready for the mill, when the Sheriff of Hudson county, N. J., appeared and attempted to stop the mill. Dunne's and Elliott's admirers, however, were bound to bring off the fight and defied the sheriff, who did not have any assistance, and the fight was decided. Elliott was seconded by Barney Aaron and Jim Carroll, while Kit Burns and Phil Clare seconded Dunne. Wm. Varley was umpire for Elliott, and Jim Geddings, of Brooklyn, was umpire for Dunne. Mike Norton, of New York, better known as Crow Norton, was referee. Elliott had fought twice in the ring up to this point, having been beaten on May 28, 1860, by Nobby Clark and beat Hen Winkle on Jan. 6, 1862, which made him a decided favorite in the betting.

The fight was a desperate one. Dunne, although a novice, fought with the coolness of a veteran pugilist. Twelve rounds were fought in 35 minutes, when Mike Norton, the referee, decided Dunne the winner on an alleged foul. The curious and questionable decision of the referee caused for a time a great demonstration. Elliott's party maintained that Dunne was not on the ground, but lying on the ropes, which prevented his going down.

How the fight would have terminated, but for this affair, we will not undertake to say. Up to this point it was a very even contest, neither having any decided advantage over the other. Elliott claims that he had Dunne whipped, but his unwillingness to come out and fight his man does not look as though this was the case.

Dunne throughout the fight displayed great coolness and judgment, and his manly, straightforward conduct redounded greatly to his credit. He proved that he was a scientific two-handed fighter, straight and quick in his deliveries, and as game a pugilist as ever pulled his shirt off in the ring.

After Joe Coburn challenged Jim Mace and a match was made for Mace and Coburn to fight in Ireland, Dunne went to England accompanied by Jim Cusick, Heenan's trainer, and Joe Coburn. On Dunne's return, on August 22, 1864, he published a challenge, offering to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the heavy-weight championship. The *def* was intended for Matt Moore, alias Rocky Moore, and Con Fitzgerald. Dunne posted \$200 with his challenge, but no one accepted, and in 1864 he claimed the title of heavy-weight champion of America.

Dunne shortly afterwards was matched against Billy Dwyer, brother to Johnny Dwyer the ex-champion, to fight for \$2,000. The battle was to have been fought at Claymont Station, near the State line of Pennsylvania, on Dec. 13, 1864.

Dunne appeared in the ring, but Dwyer did not appear as he was arrested. The stakes were finally drawn and the match ended in a fizzle.

On Feb. 14, 1865, Dunne was matched to fight Bill Davis, a noted pugilist, and ex-recorder of California, who had challenged Dunne to fight for the championship and \$1,000. The challenge was accepted and the match made for \$2,000 a side and the championship of America.

The pugilists fought in Pike county, near Port Jarvis, 90 miles from New York, on May 16, 1865. Dunne was seconded by Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris, while Kit Burns, of New York, and Billy McLean seconded Davis. Dunne trained at Mark (Topsy) Maguire's, at McComb's dam, while Davis trained at Philadelphia.

Dunne appeared in the ring in the pink of condition and weighed 154 pounds. Davis was not as well trained as he might have been and he tipped the beam at 168 pounds. It was a hard matter for the pugilists to decide upon a referee, but finally two were selected, Joe Coburn for Dunne, and Timothy Hurley for Davis. The fight was a desperate one. Dunne showed great improvement since he had met Elliott and out-fought Davis from the start. Davis pluckily stood up and fought like a Trojan until he was so badly punished that Dunne's friends begged of Davis's seconds not to let him fight any longer. Davis insisted on fighting until forty-three rounds had been fought in one hour and six minutes, when he was terribly beaten and his backer refused to let him fight any longer.

Dunne was hailed champion of America and winner of \$2,000. The POLICE GAZETTE published the following after the battle:

"Dunne is a good left-handed fighter: he is not as good a wrestler as Davis, and has much to learn before he gets to the top of the ladder. His manner of delivery is the same as the late Yankee Sullivan's, that is, in giving a blow his foot is first, the muscles hardening and throwing his weight with the blow. He was well punished about the body in this fight, and Davis got in two or three blows on the left side of Dunne's head, which if they had been delivered in the latter part of the fight would have been detrimental to the interests of his, Dunne's, backers. Davis is a good, clever, old-fashioned fighter, slow and sure; a perfect glutton; and there is not a hair of his head that is not game. He is a powerful right-hand hitter, and he is as much of a glutton as ever John Morrissey was. Although the heavier man of the two, he lacked that most necessary adjunct to success, a sufficient knowledge of the science of manual defence, which Dunne possesses in a marked degree. Davis possesses great strength, greater by far than Dunne but has not the judgment to use it in such a manner as to counter-balance the superiority of his adversary's science. Dunne is a much better man than ever his most intimate friends supposed him to be, and in this encounter exhibited some most excellent points in judgment as well as in hitting."

On June 4, 1865, Jimmy Elliott was released from duress and on the 12th inst. challenged Dunne or any man in America to fight for \$10,000 and the championship, making a proviso that Jim Dunne, who had previously challenged Joe Coburn, did not consent to make a match with him for \$2,000 a side.

Elliott was so anxious to "get on" with Dunne that he offered to let the latter name the date of fighting anywhere from twenty-four hours to three months. Dunne announced that he had retired from the ring and Elliott was then looked upon as the champion.

On August 12, 1865, Bill Davis, whom Dunne had beaten out of all semblance to humanity, challenged Dunne to fight again for \$2,000, but the latter refused to re-enter the ring. Dunne's battle with Davis ended his fist career and he entered the political field. He was elected alderman in Brooklyn and afterwards county coroner, but he gave up all and everything connected with the prize ring.

In 1867 he assisted Joe Coburn to second Barney Aaron when the latter fought and defeated Sam Collyer at Aquia Creek, Va. Since then he has not attended a prize fight.

Dunne, besides being a pugilist and politician, is an expert hand-ball player, and in 1875, in conjunction with Phil Casey, the champion, offered to play any two men in the world. Dunne has a legion of friends in Brooklyn and New York, which he has gathered round his standard by his courtesy and liberality. He still resides in the "City of Churches," and is one of the leading politicians of Brooklyn.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

[With Portrait.]

The action of the British Government in revoking the ticket-of-leave held by Michael Davitt, the celebrated Irish patriot, has been severely criticised by all who take an interest in Ireland's welfare. He was arrested eleven years ago on a charge of treason, and convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. After serving a long term he was given his liberty on a ticket-of-leave. This document granted him freedom on condition that he would not repeat his offense. But confinement did not quench his patriotism for the land of his birth. The land league agitation fired him up to again battle for Old Erin. A speech by him against the tyranny of the landlords, and England for sustaining them, was considered a violation of the conditions upon which he was released from prison. Accordingly he was arrested and sent back to complete his original sentence. Being in poor health, there is very little likelihood of his finishing his term.

ED. HOLSKE,

Ex-Champion Short-Distance Walker.

[With Portrait.]

Edward Holske was born in New Orleans on September 10, 1857. He was first brought into notice as an athlete by Wilson Reid of New York, the first pedestrian O'Leary defeated. Holske's first attempt at walking was at New York on May 30, 1876, when in a three mile race he came in second to D. M. Stern, then the amateur champion walker.

He then beat J. Taylor 2 miles, Newport, R. I., \$50 medal. Nov. 30, beat Fa McEwen and others, 3 mile walk, Washington Park, bad track, 24 m. 31 sec. May 30, 1877 won 1 and 3 mile walks, N. Y. A. Club games. June 2d same year beat by Fa McEwen, 3 miles, Holske fainting after leading 2½ miles, time 22 m. 40 sec. Sept. 1 beat T. H. Armstrong, 4 mile championship, same grounds. Sept. 8 won same grounds 1 and 3 mile championships, 7 m. 11 sec. mile, 23 m. 9 sec. 3 miles. October 6 won 1 and 3 mile races, Union A. C., Boston, beating C. P. Daniels, E. E. Merrill and others. Oct. 24 beat by Armstrong, 1 mile time 6 m. 44¼ sec. May 5, 1878, at American Institute beat best American record, 25 miles, time 4 h. 16 m. 49 sec. June 6, 25 m., same place, beat by Armstrong, time 4 h. 9 m. 19 sec. Holske tripped up on the last lap and finished 5 sec. behind. Same month under care of T. Edwards beat McIntosh, 25 miles, \$100 and cup at Elmira Driving Park. July 4, same year, won 4 hour walk and 50 mile walks at Buffalo. Next day same place won 25 mile walk. July 22 beat E. Wigzell but lost to Geo. Odell, whom he gave 2½ minutes' start in 3 miles.

Next day sailed for England where he did not meet with success anticipated. Returned Dec. 8. He again took the track Jan. 20-21, 1879, Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, L. I. Walked 160 miles in 47 hours. Jan. 29 won 25 mile walk, Hebrew Fair Building, Boston, 3 h. 56 m. 40 sec. At Elmira walked 100 miles in 22 h. 26 m. March 6 beat C. Toole, 50 walk at Bangor, Maine, time 8 hours 35 m. 49 sec. April 22 at Gilmore's Garden, N. Y., won 25 mile walk. April 24, same place, won 50 mile walk, beating J. Smith and others, 8 h. 41 m. 53 sec. May 1 beat W. E. Harding, the 50 mile champion walker, in a 25 mile walk same place. At Boston, June 24, beat Brodie and Van Ness 50 mile walk, they to go as they pleased while Holske walked. Same place, June 25, gave A. A. Haskell 8 min. start in a 25 mile walk and won. July 4 and 5 104 miles to Ed. Mullens 106, 28 hour contest, Coliseum, Troy, N. Y.

On July 8th he married Miss Annie Tweed, of St. Johns, N. B. Was beat by C. Toole, of Bangor, in 27 hour race for \$50 a side. Beat by McNamara in 15 mile race at Oldtown, Me., for \$50; gave McNamara 1 mile start. Nov. 19 Mr. Holske beat Maggie Rowell 50 mile walk for the championship of America at Bangor, Me. Nov. 25 beat C. A. Harriman, 25 miles, at Belfast, Me. Beat D. A. Driscoll 25 mile walk for \$200 at Bangor, Me. Beat J. Gillespie 20 mile race at Ellsworth, Me., Gillespie go-as-you-please, Holske heel and toe. Matched for 15 hour race with Harriman, for Dec. 25, paid forfeit. Beat Geo. Hosmer, 25 miles, for \$100 purse, Boston, Mass., Jan. 17. Walked dead heat with Hosmer 15 miles Jan. 26 at Salem, Mass., Driscoll twenty-five twenty-sevenths of a mile behind, time 2 h. 7 m. Beat Driscoll 5 mile handicap Franklin Hall, Boston, 40 m. 5 sec. Beat Driscoll 5 mile handicap same place 39 m. 30 sec.

Beat J. Oddy at Lawrence 25 mile race Feb. 24. Beat Hosmer 10 mile walk at Boston. Was beat by Driscoll in Lynn 25 mile walk, Holske and referee both used roughly. Beat T. H. Armstrong May 8, New York, for \$1,000 and championship of America. Beat all previous records. Being under contract with F. E. Halleck of Boston, at \$75 a week under his management, he gave exhibitions during 72 hour races.

Won 50 mile walk at Providence, Haverly races, Aug. 7. Driscoll quit at 23 miles. Beat second man 6 miles. Nov. 27 beat Armstrong at Patchogue, L. I., 15 mile race, stopped at 7 miles, time 54 m. 27 sec. Armstrong quit at 6 miles. Jan. 14 beat Hoagland at Auburn, 15 mile race for \$500, announced time one h. 15 m. 28 sec.

Holske's last race was with Denis Driscoll, of Lynn, Mass., for \$1,000 and the 25 mile championship of America. Driscoll won the race and Holske's defeat was shrouded in mystery.

"TOO THIN."

A Sound Sleeper, and His Experience With Burglars.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Marcus Marsop, of 526 Eighth avenue, New York, reported an outrageous and remarkable robbery at his residence to the police last week. He said he was awakened about 6 o'clock by his four-year-old daughter, and immediately perceived a peculiar odor in the room. Turning to his sleeping wife, he was astonished to find her bound hand and foot. He at once suspected robbery, and found the contents of the bureau scattered about the floor. His gold watch and chain, diamond stud and about \$250 in money were missing. Marsop then went and called his servant, Kate Halflick, and found her in the adjoining apartment, bound in the

same manner as his wife, with the addition of a cloth tied across her mouth.

The officers went to Marsop's room and began to search under the bureau. In the servant's room they found \$175 in money neatly tied up in a newspaper. Mrs. Marsop told the officers that she had just found her husband's gold watch and chain in the coal box, and his diamond stud between the mattresses in the servant's room. The officers carefully examined the rooms, but could find no trace of burglars, and the windows or locks of doors had not been tampered with. The servant was arrested. She told substantially the same story as Marsop, adding that about 6 o'clock she arose and was dressing, when some person seized her, and having bound and gagged her, threw her on the floor. She then became unconscious and remained in that condition until aroused by Marsop. The latter told the justice that the missing money belonged to Henry Miller, a shoemaker.

Miller said that Marsop was a former partner of his for a year or so. He had been acting as cashier Saturday night, and was in the habit of taking the night's receipts home with him and turning the money in on Sunday or Monday.

"It is very strange," said the magistrate, "that robbers should bind your wife and not molest you. I think I will hold you and the girl." Marsop was subsequently paroled and the girl was locked up.

THE FIRST NIGHT,

When a Bracer is necessary, and the Call Boy comes in for his share of the Beer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The first performance of a new piece is always a trying occasion in a theatre, and very naturally the leading players are those who appreciate that difficulty most. Words or speeches have an unpleasant way of becoming forgotten at the last moment, and between that and the unsettled condition the business of a play is always in until it has enjoyed one representation and settled into a groove of movement, the poor player has his hands and head full.

There is no skylarking about the stage of a theatre on a first night. Work, and really hard work, too, is the order of the night.

All the while an actor is dressing he is also repeating his lines. He shoots from his mirror to his open book, takes a glance at his part to refresh his memory, and then resumes his business of making up and muttering his speeches over again. As soon as he is made up he resumes study in dead earnest, and you will find him walking up and down the stage while the carpenters are setting it, or pacing the green-room with his part in his hand.

So, at the last moment, when the curtain is up and the play in progress, you find people waiting, as the lady of our picture is waiting, for her cue in the wings, still conning the little volume in which the words which are to hit the public are to be found.

Our fair friend has found her grip loosening at the last minute and has despatched the call boy for a reinforcement of that courage which the Dutch are said to be so full of. She quaffs it, listening for her cue, and as she catches it she thrusts the half-emptied glass into her juvenile henchman's hand, drops her part and makes her entrance.

The call boy drains the glass to the dregs, hides her part so that she will have to hunt to discover it, and departs in search of other mischief.

But the beer has done its work and her part is a hit, so she can afford to laugh at these minor evils and box the call boy's ears when she catches him, till he pretends to howl for mercy and calls her bad names as soon as he is out of her reach.

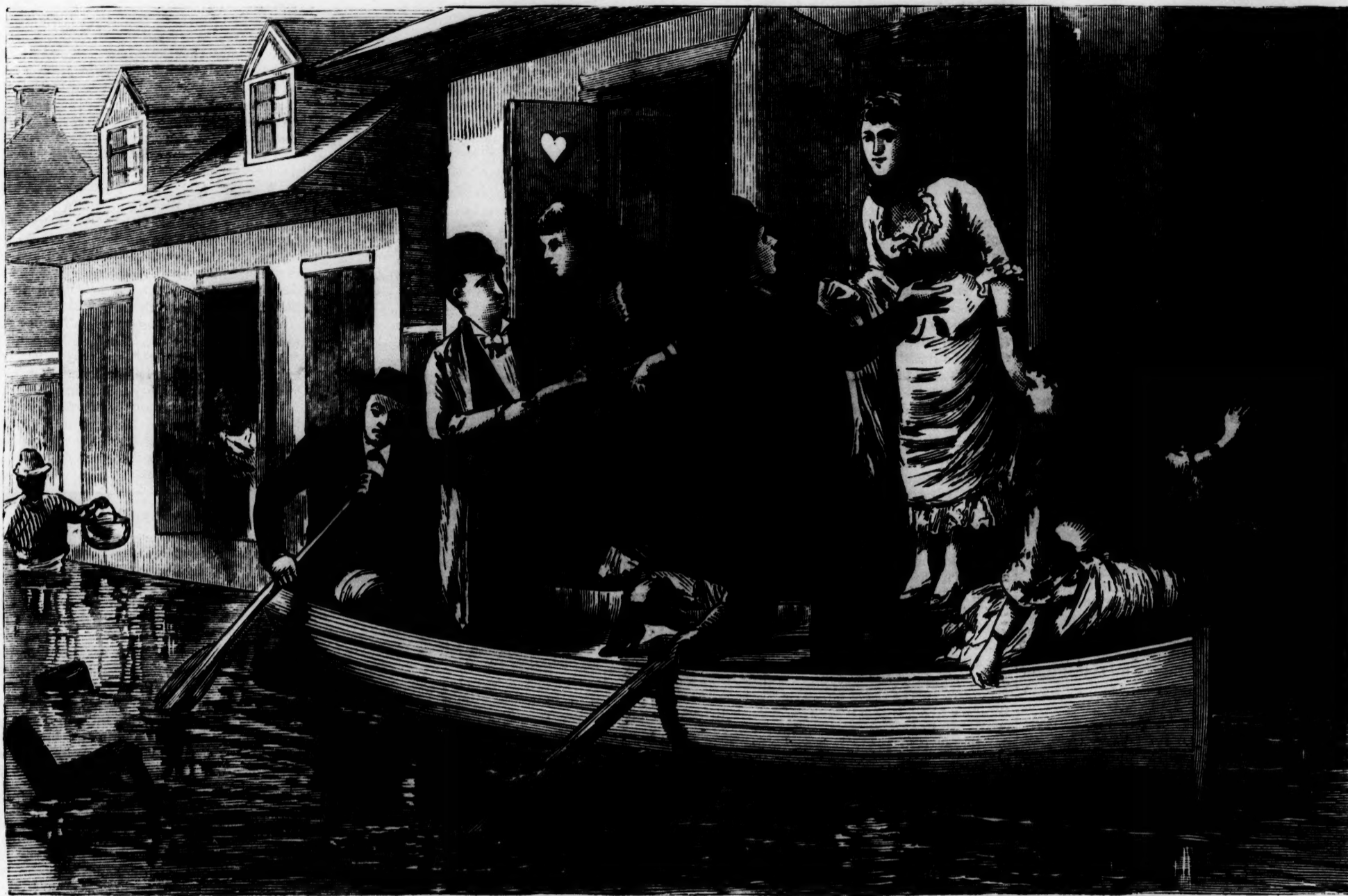
A FUTURE POOL CHAMPION.

[With Portrait.]

The recent pool match between the boy Albert Frey and ex-champion Lon Morris, Jr., excited the greatest interest among the knights of the green table. At the end of thirty-three games the boy was three ahead. Morris then crept up, until, at the close of the forty stipulated games, they tied on twenty each.

When the players began the forty-first game the interest became intense. Although it was now 2 A.M., a large crowd of experts remained in the room, including Whalstrom, Knight, Schaefer, Leonard and many others. They pressed around the table, barely leaving room for the players to handle their cues. Although the boy had bet heavily that he would win the match, he played with the nerve of a veteran, winning the final close game with remarkable coolness. A perfect uproar of excitement continued for several minutes at the close of the long match. The score stood: Frey, 21; Morris, 20. The boy has improved in his play since the tournament. If he holds out his promise he will prove a worthy opponent to champion Whalstrom. In fact, a match is already talked of between these flaxen-haired rivals.

A YOUNG lady school-teacher sued a young man in Audubon county, Ia., for breach of promise. He tried to get out of the snare by pleading that a contract made on Sunday night was not legally binding.



NEW ORLEANS IN A FLOOD.

HOW LOVERS BROUGHT THEIR GIRLS TO A PARTY UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.—SEE PAGE 10.



FIGHT IN A CHICAGO COURT ROOM.

FEMALE LITIGANTS HURLING SPITTOONS, YELLING, SCRATCHING, AND HAIR PULLING.—SEE PAGE 10.



A MANIAC'S FREAK.

DANGLING IN MID-AIR—A THRILLING SIGHT; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.



SPOILED BY HIS MAMA.

HOW A DASHING YOUNG CHICAGOAN MISSED A RACKET.—SEE PAGE 10.



MURDER AT A WEDDING.

A GHASTLY SCENE ON A FESTIVE OCCASION—A HORRIBLE TERMINATION; FRANKLIN, N. C.—SEE PAGE 10.



CARRIED OFF BY A TRAMP.

A GIRL ABDUCTED ALMOST AT THE ENTRANCE OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL; JERSEY CITY, N. J.—SEE PAGE 10.



GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA.

IDA LEWIS RESCUING TWO MUSICIANS FROM A COLD AND WATERY GRAVE; LIME ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 10.



ROBBING A CONTRIBUTION BOX.

A PRETTY YOUNG LADY STEALS FROM A CHURCH CONTRIBUTION BOX; READING, PA.—SEE PAGE 10.

CARRIED OFF BY A TRAMP.

A Girl Abducted almost at the Entrance to a Public School in Jersey City.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the south side of Congress street, Jersey City Heights, stands a school house. It takes up the whole block between Central and Cambridge avenues. George F. Schaefer lives near Congress street, in Hancock avenue, almost within a stone's throw of the school house.

A little before 12½ o'clock on Wednesday Mr. Schaefer's twelve-year-old daughter Katie was on her way to this school, having been home to lunch. When she reached the corner of Congress street and Cambridge avenue, and was within a few steps of the school house door, a fierce-looking, shabbily-dressed man, evidently a tramp, came along and seized her about the waist, clapped something over her mouth so that she could not scream, and started off with her through a vacant lot.

This was done in full view of the windows of about a dozen stores and houses, and while scores of children were playing in the street near by. The man must have carried the girl past at least a hundred more houses, and yet no one interfered.

The man kept in the vacant lots as much as possible and in the rear of the houses. The little girl says that he passed through one street right in front of all the houses. She saw one lady standing on a front stoop looking at them. Katie says she beckoned to the lady with her fingers, but the lady did not seem to understand.

After going in the direction of the Hoboken Ferry long enough to get past all the houses, the man turned to the right, went over the hill and off toward the Hackensack meadows.

He crossed the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and took the girl to a secluded spot. There he assaulted her and robbed her of earrings, breastpin and sash.

The girl's story may be given in her own words:

"As we walked along," she said, "he kept his arm around me tight, and almost carried me. Something was over my mouth all the time, so that I couldn't scream. When we got to the place where he stopped I remembered that I had been in the place once before in the summer time. I was struggling all the time to get away from him. By and by, after he had taken my jewelry and sash, I got away and ran as fast as I could. He ran after. Just after I crossed the railroad track I fell in a snow bank. I scrambled in the snow, but he held on me and took off my shoes, because he thought I couldn't run then. Pretty soon I got away again and ran as fast as I could. He chased me. He was a big man and could not run very fast. I didn't know which way to run to get out of the place, and that made me afraid that he would catch me again. I was almost crazy. I thought I could keep on running, anyway.

"When I came to a long, clear place, I ran across the lots so fast that I didn't hardly feel the ground. It seemed just as if I was flying. After I had been running a long time I came to a high place where I could see some houses. I started toward the houses. I got courage and ran even faster than before. When almost to the houses I looked around and saw the man had turned and was running another way to get away from the houses. I began to cry very hard, and felt very weak. But I kept on running till I got to where the houses were. By and by I got to where I remembered the places. It was upward West Hoboken. My feet were wet and sore from running over the ice without any shoes. By and by I saw Minnie Webberly and she brought me home."

It was 4½ o'clock when the girl reached her home, so that she had been gone a little more than four hours. Katie said that the man was poorly clothed, and had big red whiskers, there was a hole in the side of his hat, as if it had been made with a stick. This was all the description she could give of him, except that he was very fierce looking.

"OUR UNCLE" AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

A Friend Indeed—At Twenty-Five Per Cent.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Pawnbroking is a subject which has often been mentioned in the newspapers; but has never been shown up in all its details. The pawnbroker, commonly known as "Our Uncle," is usually an individual whose chief object and aim is to advance the least and get the most for his money. The poorer classes are his principal prey, and, unfortunately, his chief support, and where vice and crime are, his hand can be seen. Our "Fagin" also finds it convenient to befriend the upper class who feel the stringency of the money market.

Not unfrequently "Our Uncle" finds himself in trouble for having in his possession articles which the owners are unable to tell how they got there. The burglar, sneak-thief or pickpocket who gave them to the kind care of "Our Uncle" could a tale unfold were it to the interests of himself and his obliging uncle.

The business of pawnbroking generally Monday morning, with pledges of household articles by half-starved children, who are sent with them to the pawnbrokers, in order that a drunken father or mother may have the means to continue the Saturday night's spree.

The fashionable lady wishes to be considered as good as her neighbors and visit the watering places in the season; but not having the means, the three balls of the pawnbroker looms up in her mind, and forthwith the seal-skin, which is useless in the summer, is taken care of by "Our Uncle" till the winter sets in again.

The victim of the "tiger" also finds a friend in "Moses," who generously allows him a couple of dollars on his fifty-dollar coat, and back again to the "faro" den the gambler wends his way.

The pawnbroker seldom pauses to ascertain how the goods offered him are obtained, and hence it is that the thief has little to fear in offering his ill-gotten gains. Occasionally, however, the pickpocket is "spotted" by the police, and pounced upon when in the act of disposing of other people's property.

A PUBLIC FIGHT

Which Divulged a Very Unpleasant Scandal in Cincinnati High Life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A good-sized scandal was developed in Cincinnati last week, in a very indiscreet manner. The facts, briefly stated, are as follows: The wife of a prominent merchant in that city has for some time been too generous with her affections, distributing them around in a way sadly at variance with the rules of wedlock. Among the most favored recipients of her generosity was a handsome man, well known in elite circles. He, too, is married, but seems to have been as careless of his marriage vows as was the lady above mentioned. Both were in the habit of meeting each other in the rooms of the Mercantile Library on Walnut street, and there pouring out their tales of love with all the ardor of young swains. Of course, such publicity gave rise to much chin music among the gossipers. The husband heard of his wife's capers, and determined to put in a protest against their continuance. But his manner of going about it was quite as indiscreet as were the actions of the lovers. Being advised that the latter were together at the Mercantile Library, the outraged lord sallied forth to the place of trysting, with blood in his eye and vengeance in his heart. He found them together, and all his belligerent resolutions resolved themselves in talk of a very abusive character. The gay adonis who had taken his place in his wife's affections was called a dog, a villain, and other terms not fit for publication. The wife came in for her share, also. Finally, the interloper got his blood warmed up to a fighting pitch, and went for the wronged husband with a chair. The rumpus created great excitement among those present. The parties were at last separated, no serious damage being done. Divorce proceedings will probably follow.

FIGHT IN A COURT ROOM.

Female Litigants Hurling Spittoons, Yelling, Scratching and Hair Pulling.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For some days past in Chicago Judge Jameson, of the Circuit Court, has been hearing the case of Barbara Fraelich against Elizabeth and Catherine Kendall.

The bill was filed to set aside the will of Michael Kendall, wherein about \$15,000 is involved. The suit grows out of the fact that Michael left children by two wives who are quarrelling over the distribution of the estate. A dozen or more women have appeared as witnesses on both sides. Their testimony has caused much bad feeling, which resulted one day in a free-for-all fight in the court room. At noon the Judge adjourned court and retired to his private apartments.

He had just disappeared behind the door when the row broke out. Barbara Fraelich started the ball by hitting Catherine a stinging blow in the face. This was a signal for a fight, in which all the women took part. Foremost in the fray was a woman of 86 years, who hurled spittoons at the combatants until she was exhausted.

Hair pulling, yelling, scratching, rolling on the floor, and yelling were in full progress when the Judge opened his door and cautiously peered out. The clerks had taken refuge under their desks to avoid the flying missiles, and the rival attorneys and bailiffs were striving to restore order.

After the Judge appeared on the scene the infuriated women calmed down and were led away in a demoralized condition. Some of them will be arraigned for contempt.

THE LOVERS' PREDICAMENT.

How the Floods Inconvenienced Six Loving Hearts—The Heroic Action of the Swains.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The floods which usually visit New Orleans, La., this season of the year offer are the means of great inconvenience to lovers as well as business men. Three maidens and their devoted lovers were anticipating all the pleasures that can be derived through attending one of those charming balls where pa and ma would not obtrude their presence when least expected.

ed. But, alas! the lovers did not consult Old Probabilities, and on the evening selected Old Neptune had taken possession of the thoroughfares, and the prospects began to look blue for the lovers. But the ardor of the youthful swains was not to be thus dampened, and, hastily procuring a boat, launched bravely forth on the seething sea of water and gained the fair damsels' homes. They were joyfully welcomed, and in a few moments the dear creatures were safely ensconced in the boat, and the gallant lovers triumphantly bore them off to the dance.

A MANIAC'S FREAK.

Dangling in Mid-air.—A Thrilling Sight.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A dreadful scene was witnessed in West street a few days ago. An insane German, named Jacob Miller, was discovered on the roof of a six-story tenement.

Owing to his strange antics the female occupants of the house summoned a couple of young men, fearing that it was his determination to leap from the roof. The men endeavored to catch him, but he dodged round a chimney. Policemen Smith and McKargy reinforced the two other men, and officer Smith approached the maniac cautiously. The latter was near the edge of the roof and when he saw the officer sprang to a railing which separated two houses and terminated in a row of spikes, which projected several feet over the edge of the building.

Nerved to desperation, the maniac swung round the frail railing at the extreme end. Men below sickened at the sight of the man's body, hatless and shoeless, his hair streaming in the wind, dangling by an apparently fragile support, 60 feet above.

Through the ingenuity of Wm. Casey, who inserted a cotton hook in the maniac's clothing, the policemen caught and brought him to terms, and he was committed to an asylum.

PRETTY SARAH ALBRIGHT.

Only Seventeen, and Charged With Robbing Church Contribution Boxes—A Lover Who "Divvys."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sarah Albright is a stylish and good-looking miss of 17 years, and had a good character until a few days ago, when she was caught robbing the contribution boxes of St. Paul's Catholic Church at Reading, Pa. The church is open at all hours, and for some time past the donations in the contribution boxes have been unusually small. Suspicious of robbery caused the placing of disguised officers on the watch, and Miss Sarah was caught with marked money which had been left in the boxes in her possession. When searched a bunch of false keys were found secreted in a false pocket in her dress, and one of the keys, which was of peculiar pattern, was found to fit the robbed boxes. She denied her guilt and wept piteously. It is believed that large sums of money have been stolen by the woman, and that she had a male accomplice with whom she divided the proceeds of the thefts.

THE GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA.

Miss Ida Lewis Rescues Two Drowning Musicians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One dark night last week, at a late hour, Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America, saved two musicians attached to the band at Fort Adams from drowning. The men were walking on the ice to the city to fill an engagement and fell into a large hole which had been cut by men who had been spearing for eels. They were going down for the third time when they were rescued by Miss Lewis, who, having heard their cries for help from Lime Rock Lighthouse, hastened to their assistance. She carried a large pole with her, evidently knowing what was wanted. The drowning men caught the pole, and with the assistance of Miss Lewis were hauled out upon the ice and taken to the lighthouse, where they were kindly cared for. They were exhausted with fear and exposure, and are in a critical condition.

MISSES NELLIE AND JENNIE BOYD,

Actresses.

[With Portraits.]

In this week's issue we give a splendid picture of the pretty sisters and charming actresses, Misses Nellie and Jennie Boyd, who are well known to the theatre-going public of this country. We call our reader's attention to the beautiful style in which they are engraved, which speaks more than words of what our engraving department is able to do. There is no illustrated newspaper in the United States which can surpass the excellence of these portraits.

HATTIE MARSHALL,

Boarding-House Thief, Chicago.

[With Portrait.]

Hattie Marshall is a notorious young boarding-house thief, who has lately been arrested by the Chicago police, where she has been

cleaning out some of the fashionable boarding-houses in that city. The following are some of the places she robbed: No. 219 Illinois street, 109 North Clark street and 576 Lincoln avenue. She is rather a pretty young miss of only seventeen years.

MURDER AT A WEDDING PARTY.

Ghastly Scene at Franklin, N. C.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the 4th inst. a large party assembled at the residence of Mr. David Welden, about ten miles from Louisville, to witness the marriage of Mr. Thomas Lassiter, a well-known young planter, to Miss Mittie Edwards. After the ceremony had been performed George and Henry Mangum, brothers, and W. D. Fitz and James Johnson, Jr., went out on the piazza to have a quiet smoke.

They soon engaged in an exciting political discussion and knives were drawn. Fitz was stabbed to death and Johnson was seriously cut in the back. The Mangums fled and have not been apprehended. The wedding party rushed out when the noise of the melee reached them but too late, and the bride's white veil and orange blossoms trailed in the murdered man's blood. She fainted at sight of his bleeding corpse.

A "MYSTERY."

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amusing case of "mystery" regarding sex occurred at the Saengerbund Festival in Brooklyn. While the ball was in progress a person whose sex was a conundrum to all present, made "its" appearance on the floor and began to act in so singular a manner that "it" became an object of interest to a number of the dancers, who imagined that they had got hold of material for a big joke. It was believed that a young lady had rigged herself in male attire, and they proposed to find out whether their suspicions were correct. After questioning the object of suspicion for some time they were convinced of their error. The ball for a short time was interrupted by the investigation. A large crowd gathered around the mysterious being, and made him so uncomfortable that he was glad to beat a hasty retreat from the place.

NED BUCKLEY,

Proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.

[With Portrait.]

In another part of the GAZETTE we present a good picture of Mr. Ned Buckley, the most successful theatrical proprietor on the Pacific slope. This gentleman is a great favorite with his patrons, who crowd his charming little theatre—the Adelphi—nightly during the whole year round to witness the excellent performances of the many brilliant stars who are engaged there from time to time. Mr. Buckley is a fine-looking gentleman in appearance, of a very social nature, for which his company is greatly sought after by many of the leading men of California, with whom he is greatly admired for his great business tact and ability.

SPOILED BY HIS MAMA.

How a Dashing Young Chicagoan Missed A Racket.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A rather amusing scene occurred in Chicago last week. A young gentleman of that city gave an elaborate dinner to nine friends at the Union Club. The entertainment was well advanced when the steward entered the room, and whispered to the host that his mother was at the door demanding his retirement from the festivity. He went out to plead his cause, but she resolutely laid hold of him, led him to the family carriage, and took him home. His friends seemed to enjoy the joke immensely at the expense of their generous host and finished the dinner with one vacant chair.

JOHN WOODSMALL,

Murderer of Cooper Brotton.

[With Portrait.]

John Woodsmall, only 20 years of age, on Sunday night, February 1st., fatally stabbed and killed Cooper Brotton, in Elmore Township, Ala. He was soon after arrested, and from the evidence given at the coroner's inquest there is little reason to doubt but that he will suffer the extreme penalty of the law, as it was shown that it was a most deliberate murder.

FEMININE "CURLERS."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Curling as a sport is becoming very popular in this city. It was introduced by Scotchmen, it being a favorite sport with them in their native country. With their characteristic love of everything new, the New York ladies have entered into the sport, and several have become quite expert at the game. A match between two rival parties was played on the ice at Central Park last week, and the skill displayed by the fair "curlers" elicited the highest praise from the spectators.

QUEER FREAKS.

A YOUNG woman who died in miserable circumstances at Keokuk, Ia., was married at 15 to an old man, from whom she eloped with his son, who subsequently abandoned her.

ALABAMA penitentiary convicts are for the most part hired out to miners and farmers, most of them at \$5 per month. The sum of \$45,000 has been paid into the State treasury within two years.

A WEDDING party was dismissed by the intended bridegroom, at Lafayette, Ind. "I understood the young lady to say yes," he explained, "but it seems that I was mistaken, and she meant to say no."

EVERYTHING was lately in readiness for the marriage of a Cairo, Ill., lady, but the groom came not. After hours of waiting a dispatch was received which read: "Have to wait till next week, my wife has overhauled me."

A ST. LOUIS boy stole a horse and sleigh, and for three days drove out every afternoon. During that time the poor beast did not have a mouthful of food or water, and when rescued was almost dead with hunger and fatigue.

THE daughter of a wealthy Ohio gentleman called on the police in New York City on Tuesday night for protection. She claimed to have been enticed to New York by a letter from a drummer, promising marriage, but on her arrival he attempted to take her to a disreputable house.

ON January 5 the wife of a well-known physician of Bloomington, Ill., died after a long and wasting illness, and on Jan. 26 the doctor started for a Western trip, and was met at St. Louis by a Bloomington widow, whom he married. The doctor's children, left at home, feel deeply aggrieved.

THE "Young Bachelor's Society of Michigan" is an organization of young men from Charlotte, Battle Creek, Port Huron, Flint and Lansing. They will hold parties in each of the cities above named this winter, and thus swap chances with each other in town where the girls don't know 'em.

IN a general raid on gambling dens in Washington last week two Senators and six representatives were captured. False names were given to the police, but they are all known at headquarters, and have been privately summoned to appear as witnesses in the gambling case. Every Congressman addicted to cards is now hunting up an alibi.

A STOCK company was formed by seven boys of Belleville, Ind., for the purpose of sawing up railroad iron into chunks and selling it to junk men. They raised a capital of six dollars, with which they bought tools and began operations. One rail had not been prepared for market, however, before the shareholders were all arrested. The concern is insolvent.

AN Iowa constable was taking a man to the Detroit house of correction, one day last week, when some commercial travelers on board the train plied him with liquor, got him drunk, burned the commitment papers he carried, and set the prisoner adrift at Owosso Junction. The conductor put the drunken constable off at the same place, and a local justice fined him \$10.

ENGLAND is now being flooded by what are called New York sovereigns. These are counterfeit coins made in America so perfectly as to have deceived the English experts for some time. They have exactly the same weight and diameter and give the proper ring, but are a little thicker than the true coin, which defect was only discovered when they were put up in rouleaux.

AT the insane asylum at Bicetre, in France, the other day, there died, at the age of 103, a patient named Jubissier, who had been an inmate of that establishment since 1797. He was impressed with the idea that his body was composed of glass. Haunted by this belief, he is said to have scarcely moved during the eighty-three years he has passed in the asylum, and to have only opened his lips intelligently once during that period to ask for tobacco.

BENJAMIN HENDRICKS, a Newark, O., farmer 78 years old, who recently deeded his 100-acre farm to his son, with the understanding that he was to be cared for, for the rest of his days, was turned out into the cold, barefooted and thinly clad, the other day, and was badly frozen when the neighbors finally took him in. The local indignation induced the son to take his father back and steps will be taken to set the deed aside and restore the property to the old man.

LAST year, Warren Smith, of Robinson, Kansas, advised George Ush, north of that place, who was greatly annoyed and damaged by wolves, to poison them. He told Ush to get a beef's head, put poison in it in several places, and drag it in a circle that would take in the runways of the varmints, so that when they come across the circle track they would smell the blood of the meat, follow it up, and come to the head. They would indulge in a delicate piece of head-cheese and commit suicide—seven dead wolves the first night was the result.

A YOUNG man named Lawson was last week married to a girl named Coombs, in Thomp-

son Valley, Va., by Rev. Mr. Rudy. A few nights after the marriage the bridal chamber was rudely invaded by a party of roughs, headed by one Shinalt, who has been representing the Wythe County Penitentiary. The bride was forcibly torn from the arms of the groom, and after a desperate resistance, during which Lawson severely punished one of the Milkeys and the Shinalt aforesaid, the party left, taking the bride with them. Lawson has consulted a lawyer in regard to divorce proceedings. He has not seen his bride since the abduction, and thinks it barely possible it was a put-up job.

HENRY STULL became seriously involved in St. Louis through his boastfulness. While drunk, late at night, he entered a bar room and declared that he had just killed a man. "I'm harmless as a turtle dove when let alone," said he, "but when they crowd me I'm a terror. Three men attacked me in the street and I killed one with a knife. You'll see it all in the papers tomorrow." He showed the knife, washed it and his hands carefully, and made all the men and women in the place promise solemnly not to betray him. His story was pure fiction; but it happened that a man had been stabbed to death in the same neighborhood. Stull was arrested and it was with difficulty that he proved his innocence.

SOME time since an English gentleman, stopping at the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel in Montreal, took a fancy to a young news girl who was daily around the hall selling the evening papers. He made inquiries about the little waif, and, finding she was the only child of a widowed mother, he handed the latter \$400 as he was leaving the city and told her to send the child to school, and he would see that she did not want. Instead of carrying out her trust, the mother got married, spent the benefaction on herself, and sent the child to service. The gentleman wrote subsequently to the mother but could get no answer. He then communicated with the St. Lawrence Hall proprietor about the child, and, on being informed of what had happened, he remitted liberal supplies to the lady who employed the girl, and the latter is now obtaining a first-class education at the Model School. The gentleman has already expended over \$800 on his little ward.

A REMARKABLE sensation occurred recently at Macon, Ga. Before the Superior Court, in the Bibb County Court House, the divorce case of Victoria Hays vs. Emanuel Hays was on trial, and a colored witness named Robert Tucker was giving evidence. Col. Harris asked Tucker whether he was ever at Hay's home at any time, and he replied six or seven times. Victoria Hays whispered to her lawyer that he was never there but once. Col. Harris asked what they had for dinner, and the witness answered, Victoria whispered to her lawyer, "That's a lie." Col. Harris asked another question, but it was not answered, or only in part. The witness' eyes moved, he lifted his hand in the air, tottered and plunged headlong down the steps to the floor. He was carried into the Judge's room and expired in a few moments. Among the colored people it was reported the witness had been telling an untruth and was struck dead, but of course no man knows whether it was true or not.

MULEY HASSAN, known to the people of Morocco as Emir-al-Mumenin, or Absolute Ruler of the True Believers, has just completed divorce proceedings on a scale of what fitly may be termed imperial magnificence. At one fell swoop no less than two hundred of his four hundred wives have been severed from his bed and board; and not only this, but they already are all married again! There was statesmanship and political economy in this move. Muley has been spending a good deal of money of late in suppressing rebellions, and his soul has been set upon effecting judicious retrenchment. Each of his divorced wives has been bestowed upon a high-grade army officer, and in consideration of this high honor the officers have had their pay doctored twenty-five per cent. Thus does Muley save the forage required for two hundred wives and at the same time reap a considerable return in cash. Nor is his joy over his first step in the path of retrenchment diminished by the fact that the two hundred wives who are gone are elderly, while the two hundred who remain are refreshingly young.

THE romance of one of Boston's two-story brick houses is told by the *Traveler*: "Nearly thirty years ago a young man built it for his bride, intending to mortgage it and pay for it gradually, as his worldly goods increased, to all of which she agreed. When the wedding day was appointed, trousseau ready and the house finished, he took the lady out to inspect it. After going over the house he presented her with a deed of it for a wedding gift. Knowing the circumstances she was astonished that he had actually paid for it. He explained that, buying a ticket in a lottery, he had drawn the first prize, which just covered the cost of the house. The Puritan maiden protested that she would not take a home obtained by gambling, and refused the deed. His arguments were of no avail; she remained obdurate. When they left the house he locked the door and threw the key into a brook near by. The next day he boarded up the windows, and only the spiders and mice have ever since occupied it. The man never married; he became rich, but is a wanderer on the face of the earth. The woman never married—she is still living, poor and an invalid."

THE LASH.

A Delaware Sheriff Uses the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails on the Backs of Six Men.

At New Castle, Del., on Saturday, 12th inst., six men were scourged with the lash in the presence of a crowd of interested spectators. At 10 o'clock Sheriff Clark appeared in the jail-yard with a list of the sentenced men in his hand. By that time the yard was filled. The first victim was a stalwart fellow named John W. Philmore, who had been sentenced to twenty lashes of the cat-o'-nine-tails for the larceny of a suit of furniture, which he had stolen from his employer. The bronzed face of Philmore turned pale as he eyed first the crowd and then the terrible pillory, but he shut his teeth tightly together and did not utter a word, as he walked up to take his position. He was stripped to the waist, and as the coat, which he had thrown over his shoulders to prevent him from taking cold while he walked out was removed, his white skin glittered in the morning light in contrast to his bronzed and bearded face. Sheriff Clark read to him the sentence of the court, that he should receive twenty lashes on his bare back, and he was then placed in position. His hands were drawn up about six inches higher than his head, and locked with iron clasps to the sides of the centre-post of the pillory. The "cat" was then handed the Sheriff. It consisted of a heavy oak handle, about two feet long, with nine heavy leather lashes, oiled, in order to make them flexible, each about two inches long. The man could be seen to nerve himself for the blow as the heavy nine-lashed whip was raised in the air.

There was a whistling sound and then a thud, and nine dark red ridges were on the man's glistening back. He started, but scarcely flinched again during his punishment. The other strokes followed in quick succession, until the man's back was covered with red welts which twined and intertwined around from his shoulders down to his hips. As each lash left its mark, there were one hundred and eighty red welts on him. No blood was drawn.

Charles Duffy, a man apparently about 30 years of age, was the next culprit. He did not appear so hardy as Philmore, and was exceedingly nervous as he was being tied up for his turn. He did not, however, utter a word as the punishment was inflicted, although the ten strokes were laid on with no gentle hands. Duffy was punished for being an accomplice with Philmore in stealing the furniture. Robinson Jenkins and Wm. Benton were the next to bare their backs. They were both colored men, and were convicted of having stolen some harness. The first received twenty lashes and the latter ten.

As a stroke after stroke fell, the black skin of the men seemed to fairly quiver, but the men did not utter a syllable. Henry McGerger, a man apparently 35 years of age, was next led forth. He was by no means a bad-looking man, and seemed to be sensible to the disgrace of being publicly flogged, as well as to the pain in the punishment itself. He, however, walked up to the mark bravely, and held up his hands to be locked to the clasps. He was to receive fifteen lashes for the theft of some tools. When the strokes began to fall the man wriggled, although he did not utter a word. His face was pale and his teeth clinched. At about the thirteenth stroke of the "cat" the skin of his back was broken and the dark blood oozed slowly out, and a sort of groan ran through the crowd. McGerger uttered a slight "Oh!" as this blow struck him, and turned for a moment from side to side. He did not, however, utter another exclamation during the punishment. Frank B. Martin, a stoutly-built man about 28 years of age, was the last man whipped. He received twenty lashes for stealing a buffalo-robe. He shrank, as did all the others, at the first stroke, but stood the rest of his castigation without uttering a word or scarcely making a motion. As the punishment of each man was completed, he was led back to his cell by the deputy sheriff and water furnished him, so that if he desired it he could bathe his back.

ON Thursday a man called on the manager of a Bowery garden and asked him to give him a date to perform there. He said he was a crack shot with a rifle and could hit anything placed on his dog's head. There being a matinee in the afternoon, the manager told him he might appear that day. The stranger entered upon the stage, shot a couple of apples off the dog's head, and was taking sight from a mirror which he held in one hand, ready to shoot a cork off the dog's head, when the cartridge prematurely exploded, killing the dog. The man picked up his dog, threw it over his shoulder, and walked off the stage crying like a child.

JOHN MEYBERT, a farmer of Canaan, Pa., while throwing a bundle of straw from the upper loft of his barn to the ground floor, thirty-nine feet below, slipped and fell from the loft, striking head first upon the knife of a mowing machine. Three teeth passed full length into his head. Meybert rolled to the outside door in his agony, where he was found by his son a few moments later in a dying condition. The boy, at the urgent request of his father, dragged him through the snow and slush a quarter of a mile to his home. He had no other means of removing him, Mr. Meybert's cries could

be heard for half a mile. He died a few hours after reaching his home.

SHOT-GUN RECREATION.

An Unprincipled Wretch flies from Paternal Wrath. A case for Judge Lynch.

The city of Prairie du Chien, Wis., has been in a state of great excitement for some time past over a seduction case in which a gay Lothario of Bridgeport, a town in the same State, practiced his arts successfully upon the daughter of a farmer by the name of Burette.

Upon learning of the condition of his daughter, Mr. Burette proceeded to overhaul the scoundrel and demanded reparation from him at the point of a revolver in the form of a marriage.

To this the reply was given that he would comply, and proceeding to the residence of the misguided girl the villain induced her to take \$1,000 cash as solace, and skipped the county. It was on Saturday that the visit was made and the deposit of \$1,000 as hostage for his return given.

On Sunday, when the marriage ceremony was hoped for, in place of keeping faith with the girl he has ruined, the dastard announced that he would marry her if he must, but that he would never live with her, and left for parts unknown. Miss Burette was put to bed and a child was born. The condition of the mother is reported as immediately dangerous, and she is not expected to recover.

Meantime the head of the family is supplied with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and is vigilant in the pursuit of the author of all this infamy. The excitement is great, and in the event of the death of the girl there will be a scene enacted from Judge Lynch's court in case the criminal is found.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN PRISON.

One of the Jury Which Sent Him There Petitions for a Murderer's Pardon.

Mr. E. B. Stout, an aged citizen of Cincinnati, went recently to petition the Governor for the pardon of Ferdinand Seitz, whom a jury, of which Stout was a member, sent to the penitentiary for life 33 years ago. Seitz was then 25 years old. He had fallen in love with Katrina Addam, a comely young German girl, on the way from Germany, and, after their arrival, asked the father for her hand. The old man refused, and the daughter pleaded in vain. Finally the father, to get rid of Seitz, urged him to go a short distance in the country to rent a farm. They went together a few miles out, and that afternoon Addam was found shot and his brains beaten out. An hour later Seitz was talking with some men near by, when flies were seen to cluster about his knees and thighs. They suspected something wrong, and, forcing him to remove his outer garments, found his drawers stained with blood beneath his dark pantaloons, from which he had washed it. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence. Since he has been imprisoned he has constantly asserted his innocence. Of the judges, sheriff and court officials that served on the case all are dead save the venerable Judge A. G. W. Carter, then prosecuting attorney. Seitz is reported in excellent health and with prospects for a decade of life. He will find, however, few acquaintances should he be restored to freedom.

A STRANGE BULLET.

A Piece of Lead Enters a Boy's Breast and Appears Again After Four Years.

Vincennes, Ind., has a case on hand that ought to attract considerable attention, on account of the phenomenal circumstances surrounding it. In December, 1877, George Gardner, the twelve-year-old son of Dexter Gardner, an undertaker, was accidentally shot in the breast by a companion. The ball, a 22-calibre affair, entered the breast, just above the left nipple. The doctors could not find it by probing, and, as the boy felt no ill effects, it was left alone, and the circumstance was forgotten till a few days ago, when the boy felt a hard substance working out into the lobe of his right ear. It has at last worked clear into that appendage, and can now be plainly felt nestling in the lower part of the lobe of his right ear. Just how this transition was accomplished by the ball is a question that now puzzles local philosophers.

DAN MACE.

[With Portrait.]

Dan Mace, whose picture we publish in this issue, is one of the best-known drivers in the United States. Dan's period of service extends over twenty years, and at the present day he stands at the head of his profession. It is said of him that it makes a difference of two or three seconds in the time of a trotter when the reins are in his hands.

WHEN a Mormon leecher goes into polygamy now he hides his new concubine, then gets up on his hind legs and tells his accusers to prove it. And this is what he calls his religion. The necessity of a law long and strong enough to reach these scoundrels is becoming more apparent to the world every day, and if such a law is not enacted during Garfield's Administration, then all signs fail.

Sara's "Receptions."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Search the world over and a more diplomatic advertiser than Mile. Bernhardt could not be found. There is a science about advertising, as every agent and large patron of it knows. There are many men who have spent thousands of dollars in bringing their wares to public attention, who, so far as good results were concerned, might as well have thrown the money into the sewer. They did not understand the art of doing the thing right. Mile. Bernhardt has evidently made a study of advertising. She hits the public's curiosity every time, and never is lost for a way to do it. One of her most effective plans is what she calls

"her receptions." In her intervals of rest from active professional work she gathers about her such people as are likely to be of benefit to her. All the newspaper writers, the foreign correspondents, rising artists, and aspiring dramatists of the cities which she visits are invited to partake of her hospitality. With these people gathered about her, she uses all the arts common to her countrywomen to make a good impression. And she rarely fails. Her guests are charmed, and go from her presence eager to do her service in their various ways. Under the spell of her social magnetism, columns of praiseful "gush" are written for the newspapers. The people read, are imbued with curiosity to see the "wonderful artiste," and Bernhardt's point is gained. What often costs

larize the instances which have come under the notice of the police of young boys and girls led to direct ruin through the bad associations of these places, would be to consume columns of space.

Only a few days since a beautiful young girl was arrested for numerous larcenies and sent to the criminal courts in \$1,800 bonds, when it was ascertained that she was one of an organized band of thieves quite as young as herself, and she was a member of a respectable family.

Last week May Wheeler, a girl scarcely 15 years old, was rescued from a probable life of degradation from the public streets by the police, and scores of similar cases are reported to the various stations daily.

It has been found that the keepers of these saloons actually pay men and women to decoy young and innocent girls into their dens. In one instance several school girls having been induced to visit a disreputable haunt on West Randolph street.

The low procuress, aside from receiving a stipend for her work in enticing victims to the Dago shops, plunders in turn the girl, who, when once led into a life of shame, copies her newly-made friend and becomes a like decoy for the innocent and unwary.

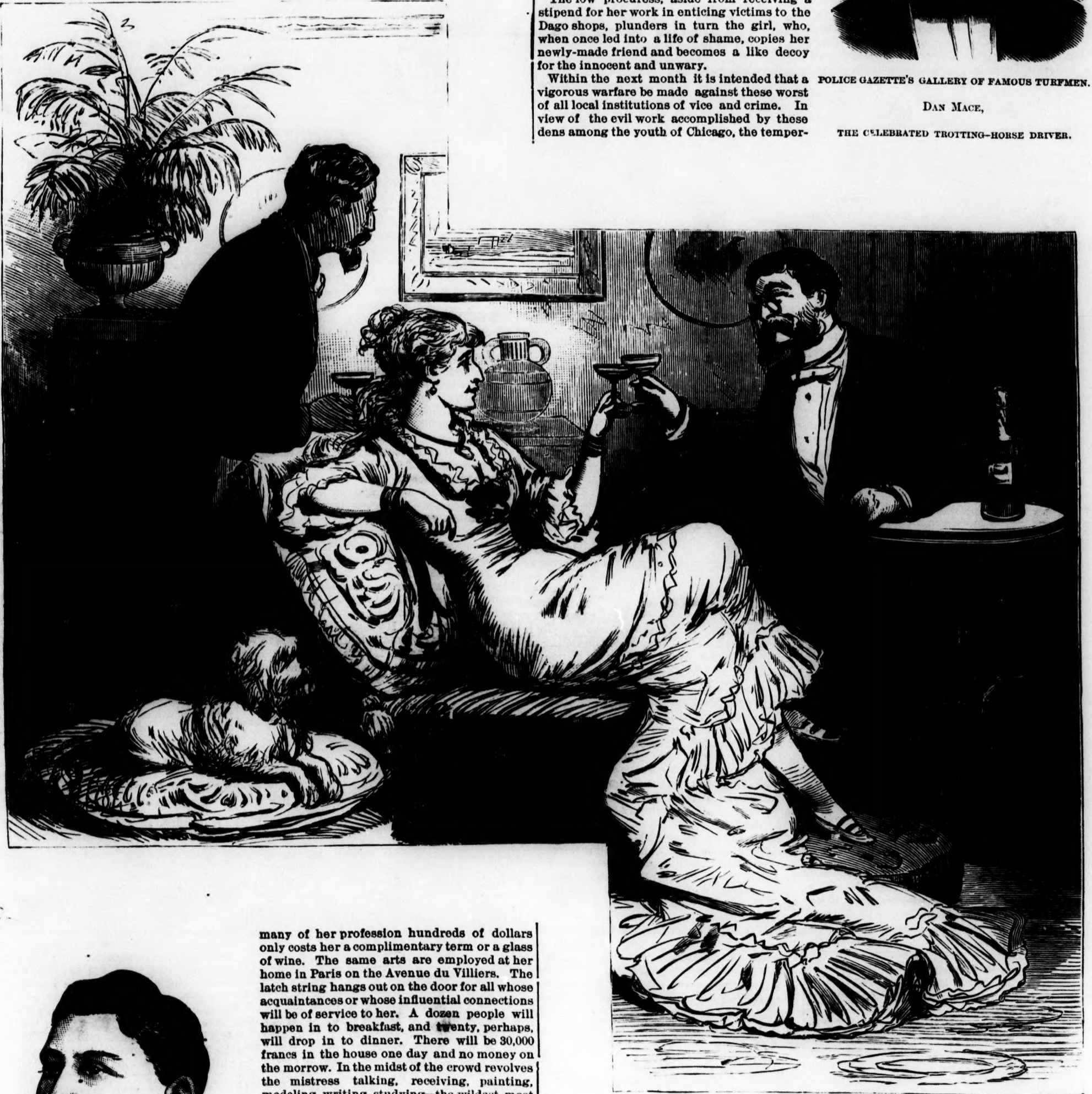
Within the next month it is intended that a vigorous warfare be made against these worst of all local institutions of vice and crime. In view of the evil work accomplished by these dens among the youth of Chicago, the temper-



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS TURF MEN.

DAN MACE,

THE CELEBRATED TROTTING-HORSE DRIVER.



SARA'S RECEPTIONS.

HER METHOD OF ADVERTISING HERSELF—PRIVATE TETE-A-TETE FOR DISTINGUISHED CRITICS.



NED BUCKLEY,

PROPRIETOR OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

many of her profession hundreds of dollars only costs her a complimentary term or a glass of wine. The same arts are employed at her home in Paris on the Avenue du Villiers. The latch string hangs out on the door for all whose acquaintances or whose influential connections will be of service to her. A dozen people will happen in to breakfast, and twenty, perhaps, will drop in to dinner. There will be 30,000 francs in the house one day and no money on the morrow. In the midst of the crowd revolves the mistress talking, receiving, painting, modeling, writing, studying—the wildest, most capricious, most extravagant Bohemienne of Paris. Yet, withal, there is method in it. Her "receptions" cause talk, and talk excites curiosity, and the latter is the essence of successful advertising. If you don't believe it, ask any man who has made a study of this branch of business.

DAGO SHOPS.

Some Instances of the Vice and Crime Wrought Through Their Bateful Influence.

Within the past year the Dago shops and hoodlum saloons of Chicago, which were described in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, have been the direct cause of half-a-dozen murders and have sent a horde of youthful desperadoes, nurtured in vice within their precincts, to the county jail. To particu-

ance unions and citizens have resolved upon a determined raid against them.

Captain Buckley will in all probability make a descent upon most of these vicious haunts within the next few weeks, not under special orders, but because his principles and honest desire to purify his district demand the action.

In this, however, aside from the encouragement of all reputable citizens, he will doubtless have the co-operation of Chief of Police McGarigle, who, while captain of the Third

Precinct, did some commendable and effective work in breaking up this class of saloons.

A FRENCH physician's experience goes to prove that widowers commit suicide more frequently than married men, and that the presence of children in a house diminishes the tendency to self-destruction in both men and women. People who have lived much in houses and hotels with other people's children will perhaps be disposed to question the latter conclusion.

ELLA'S SPREES.

Both Matrimonially and Financially—A Brevet Husband who did not get a Legacy.

Seven years ago Jesse Benner kept a hotel at Whitmarsh, Montgomery county, Pa. He had a wife and a daughter Ella, noted as well for her fascinating ways and beauty as for a disposition to recklessness in her conduct. In June, 1873, Ella married Geo. B. Berrell, aged thirty years, a rough farmer. The union was a surprise to every one. They lived at the home of Ella's father for three weeks, when something—no one living can tell what—caused a sudden snapping, as far as the united parties were concerned, of the marital knot, although the law still held them as one. But Ella did more than leave her husband, for she fled from home and went to Philadelphia, where she made the acquaintance of a young man named Jacob Hause, whom she at once made the object of her affections. In August, 1873, Jesse Benner died, leaving an estate valued at \$20,000, all of which, subject to his wife's life estate, was left to his erring daughter. This sudden accession of wealth did not turn Ella from her course of life, and she continued on in this way until in April, 1879, knowing her husband was living, she married Jacob Hause, in



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISSSES NELLIE AND JENNIE BOYD,

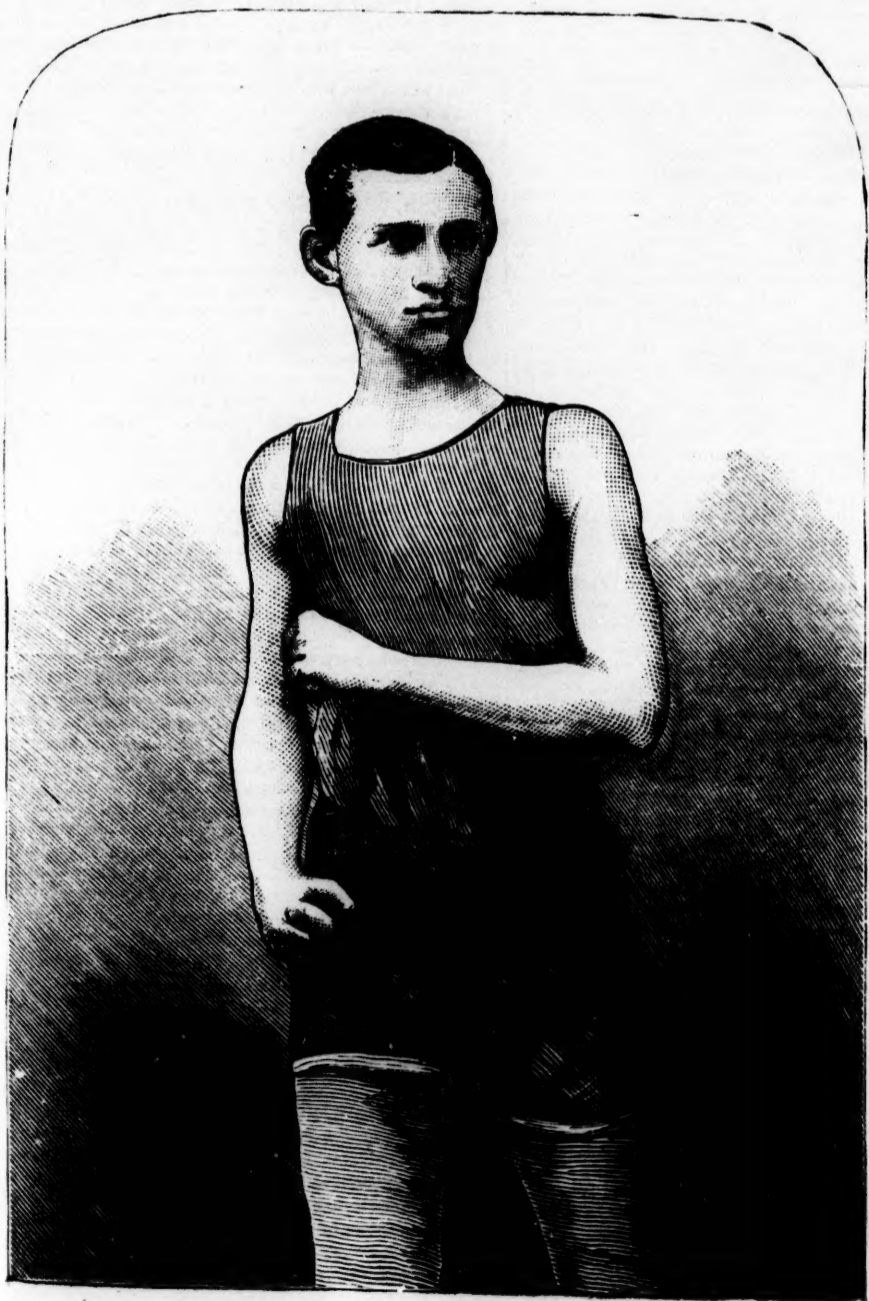
WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES.

Norristown, her own mother being present at the ceremony, having full knowledge all this time of her daughter's waywardness.

She still continued squandering the money left by her father, until in March, 1880, she died, and it is a sad truth that the pretty rustic lass of seven years ago met her death through excessive drink. Hause at once took out letters of administration with a view of possessing the money left by his wife, but Mrs. Benner made application to have them set aside on the ground that Hause was not the decedent's husband.

As soon as the latter found he had been joined in wedlock to a married woman, he abandoned all claims to the estate, and then Geo. B. Berrell turned up as the only legal claimant. The administrator appointed could find nothing but \$900 deposited in a Springgarden bank; although she positively received over \$15,000 from her father's estate, no trace of at least \$10,000 can be found.

The case came before the orphans' court in Philadelphia. The mother claimed that Berrell was not entitled to inherit the estate on the ground that he had deserted her daughter. This she failed to prove. It was finally agreed to divide the entire estate between mother and husband. The whereabouts of the \$10,000 however, still remains a mystery.



EDWARD HOLSKE,

THE EX-CHAMPION TWENTY-FIVE MILE WALKER.



ALBERT FREY,

THE WONDERFUL YOUNG POOL PLAYER, NEW YORK CITY.

Sporting News

SPORTING ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS SHOULD BE FORWARDED EARLY IN THE WEEK TO INSURE INSERTION.

THE boating wonder for 1881 is Jacob Gaudaur.

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, is talking baseball again.

LEAGUE base-ball players will report for practice April 1.

THE Dauntless Boat Club intends to send a crew to England.

PROF. BAUER is very anxious to wrestle Clarence Whistler for \$1,000.

WALLACE ROSS and Robert Watson Boyd are trying to arrange a single scull race in England.

JIM STEWART has challenged Alec McLaren to fight for £100 and the championship of Scotland.

DAN DOUGHERTY and Jim Kerrigan, the well-known pugilists of this city, are to fight for \$500.

FRANK HART offers to bet John Dobler any part of \$5,000 that he can beat him in a six-day contest.

EFFORTS are being made to have Columbia and Harvard Colleges to row an annual four-oared race.

TRICKETT agrees to come to America and row Hanlan if a large purse is offered for him to compete for.

HANLAN and Ross will leave Liverpool for America on the 17th of February, by steamer City of Chester.

CHARLIE HIPKISS, the noted English feather-weight, offers to fight any 108 pound pugilist in America for \$500.

THE O'Leary Belt entries closed on the 19th inst. The race commences at the Madison Square Garden on the 26th inst.

DAN SPARLING and Kingcraft are matched for \$1,000, half a mile, welter weights, spring meeting of the Coney Island Club.

MR. A. W. LONGLEY, of Chicago, the owner of the bay trotting stallion Monroe Chief, record of 2:18, has decided to dispose of him.

J. E. WARBURTON allows G. Chiswell four miles start in a match to run forty miles at Athletic Park, Ashland, Penn., February 19.

L. E. MYERS, when he visits England, will show his heels to all the pedestrians, and English sporting men will be Hanlanized again.

MR. J. E. MAYNARD, of Boston, recently sold his fast trotting mare Purity for \$3,000 to a gentleman who will drive her on the road.

THE gray gelding Convey, 8 years old, record 2:22, by Woodford Manbrino, dam Vanity Fair, has been purchased by Mr. Robert Bonner.

ALF GREENFIELD, the English pugilist, was arrested recently at Birmingham, Eng., for fighting in the Harrington and Sheriff prize fight.

CHARLES ROWELL, the English pedestrian, arrived with Wm. Vaughan, of Chester, the champion walker of England, on the 11th inst.

JIMMY KELLY, the pugilist, had a benefit at Harry Hill's on the 10th inst., and made a rattling set-to with George Taylor, the colored pugilist.

BILL DAVIS, the pugilist, who fought Jim Dunn, Jim Elliott, Charley Gallagher, Mike McCoolle and Tom Allen, is residing at Walla Walla, M. T.

JOHN SULLIVAN, the giant pugilist of Boston, offers to fight Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., for \$1,000 a side and the heavy-weight championship of America.

JOHN and Barnet Thompson, the Australians who accompanied Trickett and Laycock to England, sailed for their antipodean home on the 22d of January.

THE testimonial to George Drewitt, the English oarsman, and trainer, was a good one. About \$1,000 was subscribed, and the benefit netted perhaps \$500 more.

A HUNDRED-YARD foot race was won at Santa Fe, N. M., recently, between "Utah Jack" of Salt Lake and C. H. Moran. The race was won by the latter. The stakes were \$2,000.

AT Albany, N. Y., the wrestling match between Captain J. Daly, the Irish champion, and H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., was won by Dufur. The contest was mixed style for \$500.

AT Hamilton, O., the Græco-Roman wrestling match between Adon Butler, of St. Louis, Mich., and John Theurer, of Hamilton, resulted in a draw, neither gaining a fall after wrestling four hours.

PETER CROKER, the noted pugilist, is billed for a benefit at Owey Geoghegan's on the 21st inst. Edward Drum will be master of ceremonies. All the English champion boxers will appear.

IT is reported from Australia that Joe Thompson, brother of the Thompsons who are now on the way home from England to Australia, lost nearly \$1,000,000 on the Melbourne Derby and cup.

THOMPSON, the Australian pugilist, and Ned Donnelly, the famous English boxer, recently had a glove contest in England, which ended in a draw after one of the most scientific bouts ever witnessed.

MIKE DONAVAN, the pugilist, has engaged Turn Hall, East Fourth street, this city, for February 25, when he will give an exhibition, at which, it is expected, that Ed. McGlinchy will wind up with him.

AT Manchester, England, recently, Robert Nwen, 21 years old, defeated Dave McWilliams, 20 years, by three-quarters of a yard in a quarter-mile race, for \$250 a side. Time, a shade under 52 seconds.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, of Providence, R. I., and Edwin Bibby, of New York, have arranged a wrestling match catch-as-catch-can for \$500. The match will be decided either at Providence or Boston in two weeks.

JAMES H. RILEY, of Saratoga, says he is prepared to make a match to row George H. Hosmer or Warren Smith for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and will give or take expenses to row at Boston, Owaska Lake or Saratoga.

AT Howland Springs, Ohio, on February 5, Charles McCoy of Youngstown, Ohio, and Dominick McCaffrey of Pittsburg, Penn., fought for \$500 a side. The

ring was erected in a ball-room. McCaffrey won in 6 rounds.

AT Dexter Park, Jamaica, L. I., Jan. 8, J. H. Brewer defeated Dr. Talbot in a pigeon-shooting match. The conditions were to shoot, trap and handle 50 birds at 25 yards' rise. Brewer won by six birds. Score—Brewer, 46; Talbot, 40.

PATRICK MCCAUSLAND, alias "English," who recently defeated Jerry Murphy, has posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and offers to fight any pugilist in America, with gloves, for \$250 to \$500. Both to weigh 122 pounds on the day of fighting.

JIM CARNET, the light-weight champion of England, who was recently brought to this country by Owey Geoghegan, the proprietor of the Old House at Home, 105 Bowery, offers to fight any light-weight pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side.

THE six-day race between women was concluded at Horticultural Hall, San Francisco, Cal., February 1, with the following mile score: Amy Howard, 35; Exilda La Chapelle, 35; Millie Young, 32; May Belle Sherman, 22. D. R. McNeil was the manager and W. S. Lawton referee.

Two members of the Monroe Rowing Club of New Jersey, George C. Fox and Charles E. Lewis, sail for England, accompanied by Aaron Fairbanks, their backer, to row in six challenge matches made with transatlantic oarsmen. Fox takes the place of Joseph H. Monroe, who is detained at home by ill-health.

ON the first day of the Chicago Driving Park summer meeting one of the events will be a race for all trotting stallions, the purse being \$5,000, with \$1,000 extra to the winner of the fastest heat, if it be trotted faster than 2:15 1-4. A special purse of \$5,000 is reserved for the third day's sport, in addition to purses for two other races.

AT London, England, January 17, a prize fight was decided between Harry Forster of Rotherhithe and George Schultz of Kennington. Schultz is 28 years of age, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches, and weighed 148 pounds, while Forster is two years older, 1 1-2 inches taller, and 6 pounds heavier. Seven rounds were fought in 38 minutes, when Forster was declared the winner.

WM. ELLIOTT, ex-champion sculler of England, is a bankrupt. Since he lost the championship of England he has been considered a failure as a sculler, and now to have failed in business as well as in sculling is a severe blow to him. His liabilities are about \$1,500, and his assets are quite small. He had been keeping the Fox and Lamb Inn at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE usual formal challenge and acceptance have passed between Yale and Harvard, and the annual eight-oared, four-mile, straightaway race will be rowed at time and place to be agreed upon hereafter. Yale favors New London, but the Harvard crew were somewhat dissatisfied with last year's experience, and a change of locality is possible, though not probable.

WATSON, on behalf of an unknown, has challenged John Hughes to compete for the O'Leary International Champion Belt of the world, which Hughes now holds. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will reply to the challenge when the proper time comes. Hughes can name any city in the world for the next race, and he need not compete for it again until May.

AT Cleveland, Ohio, recently, Robshaw, the champion collar and elbow wrestler of Ohio, and Wright, of Detroit, Mich., wrestled collar and elbow, best two in three, back falls, for \$500 and the gate money. The match was won by Robshaw by a foul. Each gained a foul when in the final bout Wright broke his hold on Robshaw's collar, when the latter's umpire claimed the match and the referee awarded the claim.

AT Hendon, England, the international pigeon shooting match between Dr. Carver, the American marksman, and Mr. Scott, the champion of England, each shooting at 100 pigeons, for £200 a side and the championship, was won by Dr. Carver by four birds, though Mr. Scott was leading at the fifteenth round. The score was: Carver, 66 birds; Scott, 62 birds. The betting just before the match was 11 to 10 in favor of Mr. Scott.

AT New York, on the 7th inst. Albert Frey, the boy expert who made his debut as a professional pool-player last month, played his first match game with Alonzo Morris, Jr., the ex-pool champion. The match was for a money stake of \$500, the best in forty-one games, and was played under the new "championship" fifteen-ball pool rules. Frey won the match by one game, winning twenty-one games to Morris' twenty.

CANNON will ride for Lord Roseberry this season upon occasions when his services are not required by those who have retained him. Fordham's employers for 1881 will be Mr. W. S. Crawford, Mr. L. de Rothschild and Mr. Bowes, in the order named. Lemaire will ride for the Heath House stable as second jockey to Fred Archer. The last-named will be able to scale at 119 pounds without much distress. A. Wood rides for Ephraim in France.

MR. P. LORILLARD has entered Nereid, Wallenstein and Mistake, all four years old, in the Lincolnshire handicap, 1 mile, 114 subscribers. Mr. Keene has entered Seminole and Braksperre. For the cup Mr. Keene has entered North Star, 2 years. At Sandtown North Star has been entered in the great Linstown Two-year-old Plate. Barrett is said to be wintering most elegantly. He is as gay as a full-fledged Derby candidate, and promises to be among those who will finish in front for that great event.

AT Harry Miner's well known Variety Theatre, in the Bowery, N. Y., on the 9th inst., the POLICE GAZETTE's champion pedestrian, Hughes, had a grand reception. The theatre was gayly decorated and illuminated by Harry Miner. Hughes, with James Magowan, the manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, was introduced to the large audience, and both met with a grand reception. Harry Miner presented a grand stand of flowers, valued at \$100, to Hughes in honor of the POLICE GAZETTE and his recent victory.

F. KRITZ writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Omaha and denies the statement furnished to the GAZETTE by Clarence Whistler, in which he claims he defeated Andre Christol, the famous Græco-Roman wrestler. Kritz claims that Whistler in his first match with Christol only won a fall and that in the final bout Whistler caught Christol by the leg and both claimed a foul and the referee decided Christol the winner. He also states that Christol defeated Whistler a week later at Lincoln, Nebraska, after an exciting match.

AT Brentwood, England, Jan. 17, Jimmy Green and Fred Monk fought for \$250 a side. Both pugilists hailed from Birmingham and had fought previously, when Monk was declared the winner. The fight was a desperate one and Monk gained first blood, and for fourteen rounds had considerably the best of the exchanges; but in the fifteenth round Green got in a severe upper-

cut, which put Monk's jaw out of shape, and, though he afterward fought most pluckily, he was finally knocked out of time in the thirty-second round, when they had been engaged forty minutes. W. Watson officiated as referee. The men were severely punished. Monk had both eyes discolored, and he was punished about the body. One of Green's eyes was closed and his left wrist strained.

THE following explains itself: "TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE: In your history of the American prize ring I read an account of my battle with Jim Turner on Brewster Island, which is correct; but I wish to add that at the expiration of 78 rounds I was repeatedly asked to make a draw fight, and did not consent until we saw the harbor police boat coming towards the island. We were both arrested and sentenced to Charlestown Prison for one year, which is probably the first instance in America where two men were sent to prison for prize fighting. General Butler was our counsel, and he did all he could to help us. The purse of \$300 was equally divided. I have been an inmate of this hospital since Nov. 15, 1880, with frost-bitten feet, contracted on the Alpina, of Detroit, while sailing on Lake Huron. I expect to arrive in New York soon. ANDY GIDLOW. "U. S. Marine Hospital, Detroit, Feb. 15, 1881."

AT New York, Feb. 7, there was a desperate rough and tumble fight between Thad Meighan, better known as "Doublin Tricks, Jr.," a young Williamsburg pugilist, and Dan Marlow, alias "The Bull Dog," of San Francisco. Marlow came to New York in January. He weighed 147 pounds and was seconded by Tom Keegan, of Jersey City. Meighan is 21 years of age, and before this fight encountered Billy Curran at Glen Cove and Jack Sheppard at Cohoes. In both contests he came out victorious. He is looked upon as a very hard hitter. Marlow is said to be the best two-handed fighter the State of California can produce. He weighed 100 pounds and was attended by Jack Noon, of Brooklyn. The fight was unexpected by the sporting fraternity, and was brought about by Marlow, who has frequently insulted Meighan in the presence of friends. There were present only about twenty friends of each man. The fight lasted twenty-five minutes and was decided in favor of Meighan, who broke Marlow's nose, and knocked him out of time. Meighan himself received very little punishment. Marlow was taken to his home in Jersey City in an insensible condition by his friends.

ONE of the most interesting sporting events that ever occurred in this country will be the great mixed wrestling match between John McMahon of Rutland, Vt., and William Muldoon. These rival champion wrestlers are to wrestle one fall collar and elbow, one fall Græco-Roman and one fall catch-as-catch-can for a gold champion medal offered by Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. McMahon is acknowledged to be the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the world, while William Muldoon holds the Græco-Roman wrestling championship of the world, therefore the approaching contest will be looked forward to with great interest and the sporting world who indulge in betting will be puzzled to select the winner. McMahon, while he can boast of being the most scientific collar-and-elbow wrestler in the world is also famous as a catch-as-catch-can wrestler. He was born in Vermont, and all athletes of the Wolverine state are expert wrestlers at almost any style of the game known as Græco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can and collar-and-elbow. The Græco-Roman part of the match of course will result in favor of Muldoon, while the collar-and-elbow part of the contest will no doubt result in McMahon's favor, so that the catch-as-catch-can bout will be the fall that will decide the struggle. This is only our opinion however, for Muldoon may surprise McMahon and the sporting public as a collar-and-elbow wrestler and McMahon may create a sensation as a Græco-Roman wrestler, but judging from the recent exploits of the champions in the arena it is almost certain that both men will have to struggle hard to win, and it is almost certain that the athlete who wins the catch-as-catch-can bout will win the match.

ACCORDING to agreement, on Feb. 9th William Muldoon, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler of the world, and Edwin Bibby, the champion Lancashire wrestler of England, met at this office to arrange a match for the Græco-Roman wrestling championship of the world and the champion trophy held by Muldoon. Among the sports present were Captain Joe Emerick, of Baltimore, Captain J. H. Daly, B. Mendelson and a host of others. After a short discussion Muldoon agreed to wrestle Bibby if he would wrestle under new rules so that there would be no draw, for Muldoon claimed he was sick of draw contests. Bibby agreed, and the rival wrestlers signed articles. Muldoon put up his medal with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and Bibby put up the value of the medal. The following is a copy of the articles of agreement which are to govern the great contest:

"Articles of agreement entered into this 9th day of February, 1881, between William Muldoon, of New York City, and Edwin Bibby, of Lancashire, Eng.

"The said William Muldoon and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby mutually agree to wrestle Græco-Roman, the best two out of three falls; the contest to be limited to four hours, and the contestant winning a fall in that time to be declared the winner of the match, unless each win a fall during that time, and then the contest is to be continued till the third fall is gained, the man gaining that fall to be declared the winner of the match. This match is for the championship of the world and the medal now held by William Muldoon emblematical of that title. The winner is to receive the gross receipts taken at the gate after all expenses are deducted. At the expiration of each hour an interval of ten minutes is to elapse for the purpose of rubbing the men down. The match is to take place at some place which will be hereafter named, between the 20th day of February and the 1st day of March, 1881. The referee to be appointed hereafter, whose decision will be final, and on whose written decision the stakeholder, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will hand over the medal and receipts, as above stated, to the winner. The said William Muldoon and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby agree to the foregoing articles.

EDWIN BIBBY.

WILLIAM MULDOON, by JOE EMERICK.

Witnesses: B. MENDELSON, J. J. MAGOWAN."

LOOKING back at E. P. Weston's great pedestrian performances, and taking into consideration his age and the strain, hardship and fatigue he has endured in his many long tramps since 1867, when he, it is claimed, walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., we should judge that it is nearly time for him to retire on his laurels and to turn his attention to more successful pursuits than giving employment to scorers in go-as-you-please competitions. Weston has been a good heel-and-toe pedestrian, and has done much to encourage walking as an exercise; but, in using the legs at will, he has not kept pace with younger men, and having turned two-score years, it is doubtful if he can ever again reach the highest pinnacle of foot-racing fame. That the record made by John Hughes can be beaten is almost a certainty, for Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will bet \$5,000 that Hughes can excel his performance, while it is a well-

known fact that Rowell can travel over 508 miles in 142 hours. What show would Weston, handicapped with age, stand against either Hughes or Rowell? None. Weston claims to be able to score 600 good, honest miles in six days, and, with that unblushing confidence for which he has always been distinguished, he declares his ability to defeat Rowell or any other pedestrian that "falls against him." Weston says he has not been idle since his last public appearance. He says he has a track on his farm at Stamford, Conn., and that he has been in training and practice, knows what he is capable of doing under ordinary conditions, and proposes to make this last attempt to regain the Astley belt in order to demonstrate, to the satisfaction of the gentlemen who endorse his course, that there is at least one American who can equal the performance of England's best pedestrian. He has repeatedly tested his powers of endurance in private, and has prepared a schedule of time and distances for each day's work, which will carry him through successfully in the next contest for the belt. If, after twenty-four hours' competition, Rowell should be 13 or 20 miles ahead of him, and not above 20, he will have gained one point, for in his schedule of distances to be covered daily, allowing that he is to make and run 600 miles in six days, he gives Rowell 20 miles leeway at the close of the first day's struggle, and after that will have him well in hand. Weston's agent says the veteran will get no remuneration if he goes to England to meet Rowell, unless he brings back the belt. The subscribers to the fund, which has already been raised for him, make it a condition that he must win or get no money. His expenses, however, and those of his agent, will be paid.

HARRY MAYNARD, the champion light-weight pugilist of the Pacific slope, has sent the following challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE, with a post office money order for \$20 forfeit, which is now held by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The following is the challenge, which will create a sensation in sporting circles:

"SAN FRANCISCO, February 11, 1881.

"TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: Please publish the following challenge in your widely read sporting journal: I, Harry Maynard, challenge Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, Pa., or Billy Madden, of Boston, Mass., to fight Pete Lawlor a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at 130 or 134 pounds, for \$500 a side and the light-weight championship of America. The said fight to be arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and Richard K. Fox, proprietor of said paper, to be stakeholder. The fight to be decided in San Francisco four weeks from the posting of the final deposit. To prove I am in earnest I have forwarded to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, \$20 forfeit, and have notified William E. Harding, Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to represent me in the signing of articles and the arranging of the match. Should neither Chambers nor Madden accept this challenge, Pete Lawlor will fight any man in the world, and in the failure of any person accepting the challenge, he will claim the light-weight championship of America. Should the challenge be accepted, articles of agreement can be drawn up and signed at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and I will forward the balance of the stakes by telegraph. Hoping this challenge will make Madden and Chambers arrange a match, I remain yours,

HARRY MAYNARD.

"Ex-Champion Light-weight Pugilist of California."

Arthur Chambers has retired from the arena, and he recently informed us that he would fight again unless the stakes were \$5,000 a side; so that there is no prospect of Lawlor and Chambers being matched; besides, a match for \$5,000 would not pay Chambers in making a trip to San Francisco. Madden is engaged at Jim Keenan's sporting house at Boston, and Keenan, being a noted sporting man, may match Madden to fight Lawlor. If Lawlor would agree to cross the Rocky Mountains he would be able to quickly arrange a match, as Owey Geoghegan would match Jim Carney to fight him for any amount from \$200 up to \$1,000. In the meantime we hold our forfeit, and the challenge is open to any pugilist to accept, and our readers will be left to see who will take up the gauntlet. Maynard's representative will be ready at any time to meet any pugilist at this office to sign articles of agreement and arrange a match, so a reply from Madden and Chambers will be in order.

ON Jan. 7th, at New York, Jerry Murphy, and Patrick McCausland, alias English, of Philadelphia, fought with hard gloves for a purse of \$250. The Marquis of Queensbury rules governed the contest. About one hundred and fifty spectators were present, the majority of whom paid five dollars a head for admission. Johnny Reilly and Johnny Saunders acted as seconds for Murphy, and Dan Dougherty and Eddy Hanley did the same office for McCausland. When time was called both men stepped into the center of the ring dressed in regular fighting costume, and immediately set to work. Murphy, who was nearly twenty pounds lighter than his opponent, showed the most science and delivered a number of terrific blows upon McCausland's face without getting a blow in return. The first round ended in Murphy's favor. The second and third rounds were fought desperately by both men, McCausland getting by far the lion's share of the punishment. In the fourth round Murphy delivered a terrible left-hander upon McCausland's mouth, cutting his upper lip in two. During the next five rounds McCausland received some punishment on the right side of the head; his face was swollen out of shape and his left eye was nearly closed. In the tenth round McCausland seemed to get his "second wind" and delivered two heavy right-handers upon Murphy's body, which appeared to severely tell upon the latter. On time being called for the 12th round Murphy refused to enter the ring again, and the fight was awarded to McCausland. Both men were badly punished. Patrick McCausland, alias English, is a native of Londonderry, Ireland. He was born in 1860, stands 5 feet 4 and a half inches in height and weighs 124 pounds in condition. This was his second battle in the prize ring. In May, 1875, he fought Jack Burke at Fulton Market for a purse. The battle lasted 1 hour and 10 minutes when McCausland was declared the winner. Jerry Murphy was born in England in 1859, stands 5 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 140 pounds untrained. He has fought one battle previous to the present one, and that was with Ted Timoney of Boston. They fought 22 minutes and made a draw of it. Murphy was also in the sparring tournament at Providence, last year, and won second prize. He is a showy fighter, but lacks stamina and pluck. On the 14th McCausland with Dan Dougherty, the pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette.

Sir:—I hereby challenge any 122 pound pugilist in America to fight a fair stand up fight with hard gloves, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$250 or \$500 a side. I will meet pugilists accepting this challenge at the POLICE GAZETTE office at any time to post \$100 and sign articles of agreement. To prove I am in earnest I have posted \$25 forfeit.

THIS is a chance for some of the many light-weight pugilists.

In our next issue will appear a picture of Joe Cullen, the ex-champion pugilist of America.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPORTING.

G. W., Ontario, Canada.—No.
O. S., Poncho Springs, Cal.—Yes.
W. S., Springfield, Mass.—Not that we are aware of.
G. K., San Francisco, Cal.—Have forwarded a letter.
C. P., Youngstown, Ohio.—Broadway, near Lispenard street, New York.

D. M., Rochester, N. Y.—The "History of the American Prize Ring" began in No. 141.

E. M. F., La Crosse, Wis.—1. The James Brothers are still living. 2. Don't know.

W. S., Fredonia, N. Y.—We received picture, and it will be published inside of three weeks.

P. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—See sketch of James Dunne and you will gain all the information you require.

PLATTSBURG, Nebraska.—Marcellus Baker, the pugilist's picture, never appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE.

P. D., Chelsea, Mass.—We are publishing an athlete's guide compiled by the sporting editor of this paper.

GEORGETOWN BAY, San Francisco.—Bogardus killed 100 pigeons without a miss at Chicago, Ill., July 21, 1880.

HENRY BRITTON, New York.—If you want that record call at this office and we will give it to you with interest.

G. W., Baltimore, Md.—McGlade, the pugilist, was shot dead in a bar-room in San Francisco, Cal., for striking an inoffensive person.

J. W., Deadwood.—The "Champions of the American Prize Ring" will be issued inside of three weeks. The book has gone to press.

J. B., Elgin, Ill., John C. Heenan died at Green River station, Wyoming Territory, October 25, 1873. Heenan died of consumption.

SEXTUS, Worcester, Mass.—The first college boat race between Yale and Harvard was rowed in eight-oared barges, August 3, 1852.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—Send for back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE from 141 up and you will find all the pictures of the great pugilists.

S. W., Port Jervis, N. Y.—1. Ned O'Baldwin never fought Tom Sayers. 2. The fastest one mile running time is 4:17½ by Bill Long and Bill Richards.

W. O. H., Iowa City.—1. Jem Mace claims to be the champion pugilist of the world. 2. Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., is the champion pugilist of America.

W. Y., Cincinnati.—1. John Hughes, the winner of the O'Leary International Belt, never used any liquors during the contest. 2. He was born in Roscrea, Ireland.

J. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.—George Seward ran 100 yards in 9.14 seconds at Hammersmith, Eng., on September 30, 1844. The time made by Seward is the fastest on record.

RIO GRANDE, Carson city.—1. John McMahon is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler. 2. McMahon holds the champion belt. 3. Dufur has no right to claim the title.

PAR, Leadville.—William Varley, alias Reddy the Blacksmith, shot and killed James Haggerty on January 25, 1871. It would take up too much space to explain the affair.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany, N. Y.—1. The wrestling match between John McMahon and William Muldoon is a bona fide affair. 2. We understand the match will be decided at Boston.

W. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—Send for the "Life of Edward Hanlan" and it will give you all the particulars. Send 28 cents to Richard K. Fox, Publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

G. P., Providence, R. I.—1. George Rooke's first fight in America was with Tim Hussey. 2. The fight was decided at Boston October 3, 1866. Rooke won in 14 rounds, lasting 30 minutes.

C. C., Almont, Michigan.—C. A. C. Smith, the colored pugilist of Michigan, is no champion. He may be the champion of the village or town he resides in but he has no claim outside.

P. W., Louisville, Ky.—1. Jack Sullivan, of Boston, is ready to fight any man in America, but he has never put up a forfeit to bind a challenge. 2. He stands 6 feet in height and weighs 200 pounds.

G. S., Pottsville, Pa.—1. In the Heenan and King fight at Wadhurst, England, King's friends broke into the ring in the 10th round. 2. King was unconscious and Heenan should have been declared the winner.

PEDESTRIAN, Indiana.—1. O'Leary stands 5 feet 8 inches in height. 2. The best time on record for walking heel and toe for six days is 519 miles, 1,585 yards, made by Daniel O'Leary in England, April, 1877.

PUGILIST, San Francisco, Cal.—1. Tommy Chandler fought Dooney Harris for \$5,000 at Point Isabel, Cal., April 13, 1866. 2. Chandler weighed 136 pounds; Harris weighed 137 pounds. 3. Chandler won in 23 rounds.

H. P., Boston, Mass.—The following pedestrians have entered for the Astley Belt: E. P. Weston, Frank Hart Abel's unknown of America and George Hazael of England. Rowell, the holder of the belt, will also compete.

G. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Arthur Chambers and Patsy Sheppard never fought as opponents in the ring. 2. Peter Crossland, at Manchester, England, walked 120.34 miles, 240 yards, without a rest, September 11 and 12, 1876.

P. W., Chicago, Ill.—On October 16, 1885, at Fashion Course, L. I., Dexter trotted a mile to saddle in 2:18 1-5. You lose; the fastest trotting time for one mile under saddle is 2:15 3-4, made by Great Eastern at New York, Sept. 22, 1877.

SUBSCRIBER, Omaha.—1. Lucien Marc is a middle-weight wrestler. 2. He is no champion and cannot be considered fourth class. 3. William Muldoon of this city is the champion. Whistler, Christol, and Bauer are all superior to Lucien Marc.

ATHLETE, Peoria, Ill.—1. E. L. Davenport, the actor, died at Canton, Pa., September 1, 1877. 2. Edwin Forrest was a native of Philadelphia, Pa. 3. Frank Hart holds the O'Leary Belt No. 1, while John Hughes holds the O'Leary Belt No. 2. 4. No.

ROB ROY, Oakland, Cal.—Jim Kerrigan, the pugilist, now matched to fight Dan Dougherty on the 24th inst., stands 5 feet 7 inches, weighs 140 pounds. On January 18, 1886, at Pike county, Pa., he defeated Morris Phalen, an English pugilist, in 18 rounds, lasting 29 minutes.

W. F. KENT, Ohio.—1. Myers, the champion amateur runner, can run 100 yards level in 10 seconds. 2. Hanlan, the champion oarsman, is a Canadian. 3. A person born in Canada is an American, as Canada is America although under British rule. 4. A person born in the United States cannot be classed a Canadian, but if born in Canada he can claim to be an American.

G. W., Montclair, N. J.—1. Howard received all the

credit due him in the sporting columns of the GAZETTE. 2. The Sporting Editor is not a professional trainer. 3. Your threats amount to nothing and if you want to carry them out the sporting editor can be found at this office at any time from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. 4. The POLICE GAZETTE has no favorites in the sporting world.

W. C., Denver City.—Jacob, better known as Jack Turner, born in London, February 11, 1840, made his first appearance in the P. R. with Johnny Moran for £10 a side, whom he defeated in 18 rounds in 27 minutes, March, 1859, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire, Eng., arrived in America August 1st, 1859, and received \$25 forfeit from Jack Bath shortly after landing. Fought Andy Gidlow a draw, \$200 a side, 2 hours, 20 minutes, at Outer Brewster Island, Boston Harbor, fought to a standstill, both men blind, August 6, 1860. Beat Jack Gerry, \$200 a side, 7 rounds, 9 minutes, November 26, 1861, near St. Johns, N. B. Beat Charlie McCarthy \$100 a side, Adams Runs, May, 1862; no time taken. Deposited \$500 to fight any man in America with New York Clipper for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, July, 1864. Forfeited to Jim Kerrigan, \$1,000, for being overweight, September 1864. Fought Billy Dwyer of California for \$600; 8 rounds, 16 minutes; police interfered; Turner received \$50 to draw, November, 1864. Beat Jim Turner, \$1,000 a side, 16 rounds, 26 minutes, September 19, 1865. Received \$50 forfeit in a match for \$200 from Professor Cox, at Buenos Ayers, S. A., April, 1869. Since his return to this country he has given his attention to feats of swordsmanship, fancy shooting and boxing, at which he is an adept, having for his partner and assistant Madame D'Omer. He has appeared at the majority of halls in this city, and has several medals to testify to his ability—they having been presented to him by his admirers.

BUSINESS.

NANTIC, Conn.—Too beastly, we don't publish so vile.

AN EARNST INQUIRER.—We are sorry, but cannot use it; send us more.

C. W. T., Helena, M. T.—We write to you by mail. Send us anything important.

PROCTOR BROS.—We have no use for it. Send us portraits of noted people, etc.

READER, West Laramie, Col.—It's an old story told in a new way. Send us anything new.

WILL PURDY, Arlington, Ill.—Suicides make very horrible pictures. Happy to hear from you again.

LADY NOVELIST, Butler Co., Mo.—Please tell us what your book is like. If it is good we will take it.

MAC.—We will try and use your item. Thanks. Send us anything you may think will make good pictures.

WEST, Los Animas, Bent Co., Col.—We do not pay for MSS. But if you can send us photos of the parties we will.

BROWN, San Francisco.—It would be too old when our paper would reach your State. Send us something about the Chinese that has not been done before.

AT Harry Hill's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 22, Harry Hill will have a grand sparring exhibition and an unknown and Jimmy Kelly will fight with gloves. Marquis of Queensbury rules.

THE skating match between John Ennis, the champion of America, and the POLICE GAZETTE's entry (who is Rudolph Goetz, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin) for \$500 a side and the championship of America, will take place on the Polo grounds, Wednesday Feb. 16. The distance is 100 miles.

THE single scull race between Edward Hanlan of Canada and Elias C. Laycock of New South Wales, was rowed over the Thames Championship Course from Putney to Mortlake on the 14th of February. The race was for £1,000, \$500 a side and the championship of England. The race was a one-sided affair, for Hanlan won easily and Laycock proved he was no match for him. The "Life of Edward Hanlan," with full report of his great races, etc., is published by Richard K. Fox, Publisher POLICE GAZETTE, and will be forwarded to any part of the country on receipt of 28 cents.

LOTTERIES.

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1 Capital Prize.....5,000
2 Prizes of \$2,500.....5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000.....5,000
20 Prizes of 500.....10,000
100 Prizes of 100.....10,000
200 Prizes of 50.....10,000
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